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PROSPECTIVE.

BY DAISY.

Another page will soon be placed
On Time's recording book;
With many a sigh and many a tear,
With many a hope and many a fear,
Back to the Past we look.

There's scarcely one amongst us now
But, weeping, would bring back
Some thought, some word, or careless act,—
A something wishing to retract
Upon Life's checkered track.

Too soon we'll hear the poor Old Year
Chant its expiring wail;
But oh! beneath its lonely bier
Are cherished hopes most prized, most dear,
And many a sad, sad tale.

Oh! could we keep it but a while,
A little while our own,
Recall the things we treasured most,
Recall the time that we have lost,
And worthier seed have sown!

Oh! could we stay the wing of Time
With hand of cunning sage.—
Each heart would then be better taught,
And nobler impulse, holier thought,
Would mark Life's sullied page.

An angel holds a golden crown
Above our head each day;
With gems of Faith and Hope 't is set;
But few she's found to wear one yet,
And tearful turns away.

She hands to each a spotless scroll,
And, with a pitying sigh,
She, warning, tells us not to write
A word that cannot bear the light
Of Heaven's all-searching eye.

Another year has sped apace,
And crowns are still unworn;
Our mortal frailty giveth way,
And every good resolve to-day
To-morrow finds undone.

But, when the coming, bright New Year
Has hoary grown with age,
May it a gentler tale record,
That evil deed or unkind word
Soil not its "virgin page."

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

A German of Cincinnati has invented a clock which, though much smaller than the celebrated one of Strasburg, is, from its description, much more complicated. It is now on exhibition in one of the windows of a jewelry store, and attracts much attention. The inventor calls it "Die Lebensuhr"—clock of life. The elaborateness of its mechanism may be imagined from the following description of the wonder:—

We see, in a glass case, a three-story, steeple-shaped clock, four feet wide at the first story, and nine feet high. The movements are placed in the first story, on four delicate columns, which is in the significant shape of a hoe-hive. Behind the pendulum there is a picture representing mature manhood—a countryman behind his plough. The four corners are carved, and represent the four periods of life—infancy, youth, manhood and old age. The spaces to the right and left of the clock are ornamented with two oil paintings, representing the spring-time of life (children playing in a garden), and the autumn or the end of life (grave-diggers in a cemetery).

The second story consists of two tower-like pieces, on the doors of which there are two pictures that represent boyhood and early manhood. In the one a boy is just pushing his little bark away from the shore. He stands upright in the boat, and points to the distance; he is about to begin life—"to paddle his own canoe." In the other a young man who has already made some progress in the journey of life, enters a room in which there is an hour-glass, that reminds him of the fleetness of time. On this story there are three guardian angels.

A majestic tower crowns, as third story, the ingenious structure. A cock, as a symbol of watchfulness, stands on the top, directly over the portal, which opens the tower in front. On this portal there is a painting which represents the perishableness of earthly things. The entire structure is, in appearance, very like an old Gothic castle.

Now, let us see if we can describe the mechanical action of the clock: When it marks the first quarter, the door of the left piece of the second story opens, and we see a child issue from the back-ground, come forward to a little bell, give it one blow, and then disappear. At the second quarter, a youth appears, strikes the bell twice, and then disappears; at the third there comes a man in his prime; at the fourth we have a tottering old man, leaning on a staff, who strikes the bell four times. Each time the door closes itself. When the hours are full, the door of the right piece of the second story opens, and Death, as a skeleton, scythe in hand, appears and marks the hour by striking a bell. But it is at the twelfth hour that we have the grand spectacle in the representation of the day of judgment. Then, when Death has struck three blows on the little bell, the cock on top of the tower suddenly flaps his wings, and crows in a shrill tone; and, after Death has marked the twelfth hour with his hammer, he crows again twice. Immediately three angels, who stand as guardians in accordance with tradition, raise their trumpets with their right hands (in the left they hold swords), and blow a blast toward each of the four quarters of the earth. At the last blast the door of the tower opens, and the resurrected children of earth appear, while the destroying angel sinks out of sight.

The multitude stand for a moment, full of awe and wonder, when suddenly, Christ, in all his majesty, descends, surrounded by angels. On his left there is an angel who holds the scales of justice; on his right another carries the Book of Life, which opens to show the alpha and omega—the beginning and the end. Christ waves his hand, and instantly the good among the resurrected are separated from the wicked, the former going to the right, the latter to the left. The Archangel Michael salutes the good, while on the other side stands the devil, radiant with fiendish delight—he can hardly wait for the final sentence of those who fall to him, but in obedience to the command of the central figure he withdraws. The figure of Christ raises its hand again, with a threatening mien, and the accursed sink down to the realms of his satanic majesty. Christ blesses the chosen few, who draw near to him. Finally, we hear a cheerful chime of bells, during which Christ rises, surrounded by his angels, until he disappears, and the portal closes.

We look with amazement on this exhibition of the mechanic's ingenuity; a complete drama is here represented, without the aid of human hand. And what excites our admiration still more is the perfection of all the movements; they are steady, calm and noiseless, with the exception of the threatening gestures of the figures of Christ and the movements of Lucifer, who darts across the scene with lightning rapidity. Of course, the peculiar action of these figures is intentional, on the part of the artist, and adds greatly to the effect.

HER THREE BEAUS.—A good-looking servant girl of Winnipeg had three beaus to her string, viz: a military man, a policeman and an ordinary white man. She had arranged matters so that separate evening were set aside for each of the ardent young suitors, and three different courses of love ran quite smoothly. One unlucky evening, however, all three suitors chanced to drop in one after another. An interval of very desultory conversation and embarrassing pauses was terminated by the pattering of a female foot on the stairs. "Here's misses," exclaimed the girl, and the three gentlemen bolted into three several adjoining rooms, and all was supposed to be well. But "the misses" happened to want something in the room where the ordinary citizen was and she encountered Mr. Citizen right there. "What are you doing here? What do you mean by being in this room?" indignantly inquired the misses, and she superadded the threat, "I'll send for the police!" Mr. Citizen, calmly pointing to another door, remarked: "If you want the police he is in there." The missis flew to the other door, found the policeman, and poured out the second vial of wrath upon him, thus: "You're a nice policeman, aren't you? What do you mean by this conduct? I declare I will send for the military!" "Madam," retorted the policeman, "nothing is easier; if you want the military you will find him in there," pointing to the third door. Military didn't wait to be unearthed; he promptly came forth and saluted. There was a slight scream and a pattering of the female ascending foot on the kitchen stairway. The three suitors came away without the usual ceremonies at the gate.—*Toronto Globe.*

DON'T SCOLD.—For the sake of your children don't do it. It is a great misfortune to have children reared in the presence and under the influence of a scold. The effect of the contentious fault-finding of such persons is to make the young who hear it unamiable, malicious, callous-hearted; and they often learn to take pleasure in doing the very things for which the parents such tongue-lashings. As a rule they are always getting the blame of wrong-doing, whether they deserve it or not, they might as well do wrong as right. They lose all ambition to strive for the favorable opinion of the fault-finder, since they see they always strive in vain.

A servant-girl of Franklin, Mass., has been gathering manna. It came down through the air, a few days ago, in the shape of a shower of twenty-five cent scrip. The wind was blowing furiously, but by hard work she gathered up, here and there, $23 worth, while others got $20 more. The money was fresh from the treasury and, as there was a pile of boards near, it is supposed that it was stolen and laid there, and that the high wind has forced a circulation.

There is a perfectly good and even pious girl in Rock Island, Ill., who swears fearfully in her sleep.

THE BEST WIFE IN THE WORLD.

A young and exceedingly pretty woman sat waiting for her husband, by a bright fireside in the well-furnished drawing-room of a suburban house a few days before Thanksgiving. There was expectation written in every line of her face, in every glance of her eye towards the door, in the side-bent listening attitude of her head.

A very graceful little head it was too, one that had fairly fascinated its lord and master, and made out of such unpromising material as a hard-working, almost middle-aged doctor, a most devoted and loving husband. People in general said that Dr. Maitland had taken leave of his senses when he espoused his sister's governess, who was blessed with no farther fortune than a fair face, a bright energetic spirit, and a hot temper of her own; but Dr. Maitland considered that at the age of forty-three he had a perfect right to choose for himself, and moreover he fancied, being always a little given to visionary schemes, that the temper, which was certainly a good deal tried by his sister's five delicate, over-indulged children would sink into a state of perfect calm when its owner became his wife. And so he married her; at which rash act several elderly young ladies, who had been suffering from nervous affection for some time past, suddenly recovered, and dispensed forthwith with his services. His sister wrote to him, begging him never to bring "that young woman to *her* house, ("How spiteful women are!" mentally ejaculated the doctor,) and his mother likewise wrote, formally renouncing farther intercourse with him. And all because he, who in all business matters, and indeed most other matters, had been the very ministry of his large and scattered family since his father's death, ten years before *he* had actually taken counsel of his head and his heart, and taken to wife the woman he loved—in fact, had pleased himself instead of attempting to please all his friends, relatives and connections, or instead of keeping himself single for the benefit of his nephews and nieces.

While we have told this of him, (and we may just add that for the half-year of his married life his experiment had proved a very successful one,) the doctor's step had come up the little path in front of the house. His voice had given some parting order to the groom to whom he had just resigned the reins, and then coming lightly up the steps he had quickly entered his wife's presence.

"Tired of waiting, dear," said he, as he stooped his head to receive his wife's happy greeting, and then drew her down on his knee as he seated himself, with a sigh of contentment, in a comfortable easy-chair.

"Not very," said she softly, stroking his long brown beard (a favorite caress of hers.) "I do get in a most frightful fidget when you are late, and I always think something dreadful has happened to you. Sometimes I frighten myself so with waiting and watching that I begin to cry, and think I must fly out at you when you come in, for not being home earlier; but as soon as I hear Jack trotting up I begin to feel better, and by the time you get up stairs—O you old darling, I do feel so happy!"

"You simple little goose," said he, tenderly. "Now you are a discreet married lady, you should have no such fancies."

He laughed and departed, leaving his wife meditating on his perfections, till suddenly some fear struck her that everything might not quite be arranged as he liked on the dinner-table, and she went promptly down stairs to the dining-room.

The first thing that met her eye was a note addressed to herself. She took it up; but before opening it gave some directions to the handmaiden, in waiting, and stayed to see them carried out. Then she attended to her note, and an exclamation of pleasure broke from her as she read—

"DEAR MRS. MAITLAND,—Can you dine with me on Thursday (to-morrow) evening? I must ask you and Dr. Maitland to excuse the shortness of the invitation; but I have just heard that my brother will be with me to-morrow, and he and your husband are old acquaintances, who always like to meet. My brother comes so seldom that I did not like to miss the opportunity of introducing him to you. We dine at seven. I am very truly yours,

SARAH WILTON."

"The Hollies."

Mrs. Maitland looked up, her eyes sparkling with pleasure; for be it known, happy wife as she was, she had no small trouble to hide from her husband the annoyance her spirit had felt at the slights put upon her by his family, and their friends. And now here was a friendly invitation to what was, *par excellence*, the house of the neighborhood—Mrs. Wilton's.

"O, isn't it nice?" she cried, as her husband entered the room, and she felt a little disappointed when she saw that the doctor took the matter much more calmly than she did.

"O of course, my dear, we'll go," he said; "but you will be very dull. Mrs. Wilton is frightfully deaf, as you found out when she called on you; and her brother, now he has come into his 'heirship,' will have to make up for lost time, and work away at right-sniding his possessions. He will have no more time to waste here, as he used to do. Still, I shall like to see him again, and show my wife to him. Now, dear, let us begin dinner."

They began accordingly; but Amy could not help thinking of to-morrow, and of what Mrs. Maitland, her mother-in-law, and Mrs. Cartwright, her sister-in-law (most unloving relations,) would think, and feel, and say, when they heard where the despised connection of the family had been invited.

Do not think my poor little heroine was very silly. Her head was not stronger than most heads of the same age. She had suffered from the time her father died, from a malady unkindly treated by the world—poverty. She would learn, poor child, and as the daughter of an officer worked hard in a Boston school for seven years. Her dead mother's family were glad enough to receive her for her brief holidays, but were utterly unable to maintain her; so at eighteen she had begun the struggle, hard to a lonely girl, of working for her living. How tired she was of it! How she had longed and cried for some rest! How dreadfully she wanted some one to love her! And then, in spite of the delight of her husband's love, how woeful was her vexation seen she found no mother's or sister's love was to be hers, but instead of this her husband's love was to be alienated from his own kindred, because of his sin of marrying her!

Specially mortifying had been Mrs. Cartwright's behavior, and Amy's cheeks had glowed and the angry blood rushed to her face dozens of times since her marriage, as some insulting remark of the irritated lady reached her ears. Not for her own particular pleasure did she desire to dine at "The Hollies," but because she felt sure such a mind as her sister-in-law's would be greatly influenced by the fact, and Amy fancied she saw a little chance of healing this painful breach looming in the future. If what these people had said and done had hurt her feelings, why she would forget that; and if only *their* pride would humble itself, none of *hers* should stand in the way of a hearty reconciliation.

So she sat, neglecting her dinner, for once almost neglecting her husband, while she finished off some charming castles in the air to her perfect satisfaction.

"Well my love," said her husband at last, "by the time you have done thinking, I shall have finished my dinner; and then, perhaps you will be able to speak."

Amy blushed. "Have you really finished?" she said at last. "Well, then, come close to the fire, and I will tell you what made me so quiet."

She drew his chair to the hearth-rug, patted it down as though to make it extra comfortable, and then, having watched patiently while the dinner-table was cleared, and her husband's favorite fruit placed within his reach, she drew up close beside him, and proceeded to unfold some of her schemes. Unfortunately Dr. Maitland did not receive her confidences with so much interest as she made them with. He knew very well that his own kith and kin had behaved badly to Amy, and any mention of their doing sorely vexed him; so Amy rarely spoke of her troubles, but bid them, smothered them, buried them, when she could—did anything, in fact, to keep them out of his sight; but now that her heart was bounding with the hope of a family reunion, she spoke out freely, and her husband felt pained and annoyed beyond expression at some of the things she told him.

"My dear, if my sister said all this, why did you not tell me before? But really, are you quite sure you did not misunderstand her meaning? She used to be so spiteful?" he exclaimed at last. "And, really, Amy, if she has done all this, I do not know whether I should care for you to put forward a reconciliation. Of course I hate to have you annoyed; but you are a capital little woman—suppose we go on taking no notice at all? She will come round in time."

From which truly masculine and *uncomprehending* speech it will easily be seen that the doctor could not by any means understand his wife's state of mind. It was all very well to dine at Mrs. Wilson's; but why a quiet dinner, and an hour or two spent with an old college friend, were to alter or affect his domestic relations so materially, he could not for the life of him see, and he said so—rather testily, perhaps, for him.

Impatience begets impatience. Amy removed her chair a little farther off, and said, with a lump in her throat, "Oh, if you can't understand me, Frank, never mind. I don't care at all to go to, Mrs. Wilton's, so I will write and say so."

"Why, my dear, I did not mean to vex you," cried her husband. "What a stupid man I must be!" (he was now and then.) "Write to accept—There's the bell. I wonder if the inconsiderate Mrs. Williams has chosen this particular evening to require my services? O no," (as the servant entered with a telegram;) "some one farther off, is it? Just fill up the time, Amy, while I see who wants me."

Amy wrote the necessary "8-25," and as the servant closed the door, read the message which her husband put into her hand:

"From MRS. MAITLAND to DR. MAITLAND:

"Come by to-night's express, if possible, business of great importance to me."

Now this was the very first time Dr. Maitland had heard from his mother, since she took upon herself to renounce him forever. He had felt sure when he received that letter, that sooner or later she would come round, as he called it, so he had not troubled himself very much; still the letter had been a bit of a thorn to him. His pride had been hurt more than he ever confessed, that the wife he choose was not received as he had a right to expect her to be. Still he was not a man who wore his heart upon his sleeve. And whatever he had felt, he had held his tongue. Now here was his offended mother sending him a message to go to her, and she showed how well she knew the unselfishness of his nature, when she added "to me" at the end of her telegram. Family business alone would not have induced him to go, perhaps; but something like an old patient, who had chosen to quarrel with and discard him, sending for him again in grievous sickness. Of course he must go, there was no question about it; so his first words to Amy were:

"Well, then my dear, if you will see to the few things I shall want on my journey being put together, I will write to Wilson and ask him to look in on two or three of my folks to-morrow."

"O, then you are going?" said Amy in rather a strange voice.

"Yes, of course I must; you cannot expect me to keep away when I am absolutely wanted by my mother. My dear child, you are not vexed about it, are you?"

Amy did not answer, but sat down with her head turned away from her husband; presently he heard something like a sob followed by a long sigh. Now the doctor hated hysterics, and used to boast that his wife was above such weakness of her sex. He completely forgot all about Mrs. Wilton, and getting more perplexed every minute, broke out at last with:

"My dear, don't be so unwise; I cannot believe you bear my mother ill will; you have me now always with you, and you should be above grudging her the help she wants from me!"

He really was too bad, but the only excuse I can offer for him is that he was a man, and some men, the very best of them, are wretchedly stupid at times. Amy flashed round at him, looking as he had never seen her look before.

"I do not grudge your mother the help she wants; as you say, of course you must go, equally of course it is no matter to you that all my plans are upset. She is not ill, very likely it is only some fancy that makes her send for you; but she forgets that she has no right to call you away from your home and your wife at a moment's notice, as though you belonged entirely to her."

"But she has a right to send for me, Amy, if she wants me, and I'm bound to believe her when she sends so urgent a message," interrupted Dr. Maitland. Old habits are strong, and he had been used to carry on all his mother's monetary affairs for too many years, for him to like the notion of a stranger intermeddling in them; then blood is thicker than water, and no one must speak slightingly of his mother to him. Her conduct had troubled him enough, and he had often in his inmost heart admired his wife immensely for the gentle forbearance she had shown; indeed he was more indebted than he could well realize to that same forbearance, for the peace that had reigned in his home since his married life began. But now his mother wanted him, and where he was wanted there he meant to go; so being very much puzzled and bothered by Amy's sudden flash of temper, and by the necessity of settling something at once, he proceeded to do the silliest thing possible—*i. e*, to have his own way. Some bachelor friend of his had been joking him that same day about his altered condition, and stupidly enough this friend's last remark, laughingly uttered—"Ah, you won't be your own master long," came into his mind just then. His wife was the dearest little soul alive; but he meant to be his own master, so he set about being so at once.

"Amy, I must leave by the 12:40 train, so make haste and see after my things, and then come and talk with me a few minutes before you go to bed." This he said without looking at her; but on turning his head and beholding some very bright tears running down her cheeks, and dropping one after another on her dress, he became surely vexed and very impatient. "Perhaps, my dear, you had better go to bed now, if you sit crying you will make yourself ill." Then he unwisely added, "You don't mean to say you are freting because you cannot go to Mrs. Wilton's to-morrow?"

"O Frank!" cried Amy, standing up; "you are the most cruel, most unfeeling man I ever knew. I only wanted you to know how sorry I am for everything—how sorry I am almost that you married me—and you won't understand me; why will you be so dull? I'll go to bed and stop there till you come home again; you are too bad, too bad?"

With which incoherent speech the poor little woman fled upstairs, and locking herself in her room, cried so bitterly that Jane, the cook, actually heard her in her room overhead, and ran down to the kitchen to discuss with Maria what they politely called "master's first row with missus."

II.

Dr. Maitland, left alone, began and completed an anxious survey of his finger nails; but apparently gaining no special enlightenment from them on the subject of his thoughts, he took up a pen and wrote a couple of notes; then he rang the bell and ordered some coffee, "and spoke up as sharp as nails," said Maria on her return to the kitchen. Then he began walking about the room whistling very softly some unearthly tune (he had not the faintest notion of music, and singing or whistling betokened with him distress of mind); finally he marched off to his consulting-room, and wrote out directions for his assistant to follow the next day.

By the time this was done he found he must return and drink his coffee, he said.

"So he shows a softening, anyhow," observed Maria.

And then, at half-past eleven o'clock, he went grimly upstairs, wondering how his wife would receive him, and feeling (though still resolved to be master) rather like a great clumsy schoolboy in disgrace. He need not have troubled himself about his reception, however, for Amy had fallen fast asleep. She had cried till her head ached, and then, as her husband seemed unable to comprehend her fit of grief, and she was unable to explain it, she slipped quietly into her dressing-room, and when she had packed up a few things for him, lay down with a wet handkerchief pressed over her aching forehead, and a little locket, with a likeness of his dear old face in it, clasped between her hands. She meant to go down when she could make certain of not crying any more; and while she lay telling herself what a goose she was, and how wicked it was of her to vex the very best man that ever breathed, sleep overtook her, and so tired out was she that once asleep her husband's step in the room never woke her.

He walked softly on tiptoe to the bedside and laid his hand lightly on her head. "Poor girl!" he said tenderly; but she did not hear him. Then he took out his pencil and wrote a few lines, which he laid upon her dressing-table, took up the things she had prepared for him, and going back to the bedside, stooped and kissed the curly hair that lay upon the pillow, and with something like tears in his eyes, whispered, "God bless my darling!" and so went softly out of the room.

When Amy opened her eyes the next morning, the wintry twilight of seven o'clock was stealing into the room. A vague feeling of something amiss came upon her, and she looked with bewilderment at her dressing-gown wrapped about her, and a bracelet on her arm which she had forgotten to take off the night before. Her sleep had been so heavy that it took some minutes for her to rouse up completely, and even when she had shaken off her drowsiness and could not realize the fact that her husband had gone without waking her to bid her good-bye. She sprang up with a little cry, and running to the window opened it, and looked out upon the garden where hollyberries were glittering, and late chrysanthemums were hanging their heads and looking woe-be-gone after a sharp night's frost. Turning around to gaze reproachfully upon the room that seemed so empty to her since her husband was not there, her eyes fell upon the note he had left her, and with a nervousness she could not control, she read:

"MY LITTLE WIFE,—I have been unkind this evening, and have not made allowances for all you have had to put up with of late. Forgive me and do not judge me hardly if I still think it my duty to serve those who have not been so good to you as you deserved them to be. When I come home, we shall, I know, both of us have forgotten what has just disturbed our peace. I cannot wake you, you look so tired, (I am writing by your side), so till to-morrow night good-by. God bless you, my wife! F. M."

As Amy read her note, she fell on her knees, and finished the crying fit that her sleep had prematurely cut short the night before. "He is gone, he is gone!" she kept saying to herself, and every time she said it her tears broke out afresh.

She was undoubtedly every silly to go on like this, but then she could not help it. No difference had come between them until now, and, except for his daily visits among his patients, he had never left her for an hour since his marriage. He would not have done so now could he have known how she would take it to heart, and, indeed, he was already repenting having left his wife without first having healed the late-made breach. But Amy could not tell how he wished himself by her side again, and might have gone on fretting herself into an illness, had she not suddenly remembered Mrs. Wilton's invitation.

A trifle will suffice, sometimes, to change one's thoughts; and now Amy, who cared no longer for the dinner she had thought so much of the evening before, rose hastily, and completed her morning toilet in time to descend the stairs before the cook had done sweeping the front doorstep, or Maria arranged the breakfast table. In fact, both these damsels were having a little chat with a "young person next door," and had to break off an interesting narrative of their respective adventures "the last evening they were out," and fly back to their legitimate posts, at the unexpected appearance of their mistress. Her note to Mrs. Wilton was written and dispatched, declining the invitation on account of Dr. Maitland's unexpected absence, and then, having finished her solitary breakfast, Amy pondered upon how she should pass the day. Kitchen orders were soon given, the morning papers just glanced at, the scanty winter nosegay renewed with a few sprays of laurestinus and bright ivy leaves; and then, when she had watched for the postman, and seen him go past without leaving anything at their door, Mrs. Maitland looked at her watch and sighed to see how slowly time was passing.

"Not yet ten o'clock," she muttered, "and he will not be home before eleven to-night, even it his mother lets him come then?" This thought of his mother made her pulse beat so fast and angrily that she took herself to task. Standing by the fire, with her elbow on the chimney-piece, she shook her head at her own reflection in the glass, and scolded the pale face before her. "How can you be so wicked?" she said; "does he not love you best, you stupid woman? If you are jealous of his mother, you are very mean-spirited, and don't deserve the good fortune you have got. There!"

This talking to (childish as it may seem) did her good, and, pondering how she could spend her time so as best to please her absent lord and master, she remembered his having expressed a wish for her to finish a water-color drawing commenced before her marriage.

The board was soon fixed, and, with her work fast progressing under her ready hand, Amy soon felt happier, and even inclined to sing as she went on. Hills and mountains rose swiftly, the clearest waters, the prettiest boats, graceful trees grew into shape and color, and when at last she had completed her picture, it wanted but a few minutes to two o'clock, and her unhappiness almost vanished.

A bright thought then struck her—she would have Nero, her husband's favorite Newfoundland, up to lunch with her; so she called in the great good-tempered creature, and invited him to sit on the hearthrug, and eat biscuits such as all dogs love, with such a deal of coaxing and petting that the deluded animal began to think his merits were appreciated at last, and he was about to become a house pet and companion to his mistress. That lady, having given her friend a great deal more cheese than was good for him, (he did not like it so well as the biscuits, but canine politeness compelled him to eat it,) sat down on the hearthrug by him, and talked a deal of nonsense, chiefly about their "mutual master." Nero listened attentively till, having apparently heard quite enough upon one subject, he gave a prolonged sigh, and apologetically licking her face *en passant*, stretched himself out for a luxurious nap. His mistress tried very hard to do her duty by reading a book which her husband admired very much, but finding that it turned her very sleepy, closed it, and announced to Nero that she was going out, and he had better go with her.

"I shall not dine at all to-day, as your master is not at home," she told Maria. "Cook will have some tea ready for me at dinner-time. I shall call now at Mrs. Lester's; so, if any one should want to see me while I am gone, you can say that I shall be home within an hour."

Then she dressed, and, feeling sorrowful again at the sight of the room upstairs where her husband had looked his good-bye at her, went downstairs singing the burden of a sad song, and taking up one of his gloves off the hall table, committed the weakness of kissing it, and hiding it in the bosom of her dress; then, calling her dog, she started for her walk.

III.

Mrs. Lester was a lady who fully believed in Dr. Maitland, as some ladies are in the habit of believing in their medical attendants. According to her, there never was, never had been, and chances were very much against there ever being, *such* a man as *her* doctor.

To Mrs. Lester, then, Amy went, drawn thither, perhaps, by the certainty of hearing the invariable song of her husband' praises.

"My dear, how glad I am to see you!" cried the old lady, stretching out two welcoming hands. "Is your husband with you? No? Then sit down and let us have a chat. What, is your husband gone away? Ah, then you may well look poorly! Where's he gone, did you say?"

Now Amy had not said at all where he was gone, and it suddenly entered her head, that perhaps she had better not say till she knew what was the business which had summoned him away; so, merely replying that a telegram had called him from home the night before, and that she expected him home soon after eleven o'clock that night, she obeyed Mrs. Lester by taking off her hat and warmer wraps, and seating herself cosily by the warm fireside.

It was the light of the fading day, as she raised her eyes to the window, that made Amy start up, declaring that she ought to have been home my that time; her servants would think she was lost.

"Now, do stay, my dear," said Mrs. Lester. "I am all alone, and just for this evening you are alone too; stay and have your tea with me."

Amy yielded at last, and consented that Nero should be taken into the kitchen, and a messenger sent to her own house to the effect that she was with Mrs. Lester, and would return between nine and ten o'clock.

The evening soon slipped away. Amy played some of her very favorite songs—those dear old tunes that used to set her crying as she sang them softly to herself, not so very many months ago, in the schoolroom, after her pupils had left her to herself. When Amy played her last chords, and, turned round, left the piano, her face wore a dreamy look of tenderness, which her sole auditor, the kind old lady knitting by the fireside, interpreted well enough. "Ah, how she loves him!" was her silent comment, quickly followed by, "and so she ought."

"Make haste home, dear," she said, as Amy reappeared, after a moment's absence, wrapped up for her homeward walk. "You really ought not to go alone."

"And why not pray?" said Amy, brightly—(was it not ten o'clock, and would not *he* be back in little more than an hour?) "If you send cook, I should only have to walk back to your house with her; she's no older than I am, you know, and wants taking care of just as much as I do. Good-night. Here's Nero, waiting, he will take care of me."

Down the garden path went, mistress and dog, and once outside the gate, Amy felt her spirits rising every minute. She looked up at the brilliant twinkling lights in the heavens, and enjoyed the cool, frosty air she breathed; as only young creatures like her can. Suddenly she stood still. Her mind, of course, was running upon her husband's return, and her whole heart was filled with an inexpressible longing to meet him again. She had been going towards her own house; but now, calling Nero up to her she said, "My doggie, would you like to take me to the depot?"

Nero gave a bark of delight.

They set off towards the depot, which was not more than half a mile distant, the road being a newly made one lying between the town and its outskirts. Amy felt so delighted with her expedition that she never stopped to consider whether her husband would quite approve of it or no. She passed the gate of the Hollies, without the shadow of regret that she was not a guest within its walls; passed the church, the jail, met two policemen, and then a party of men talking noisily, which made her heart beat faster for a minute; and then, at last, reached the railroad station—a queer, roundabout place, originally built for a circus—and found a quiet nook on the deserted platform to seat herself. Nero lay down just at her feet, as one mounting guard, and now for the first time Amy began to feel rather frightened. A door swung open close by, letting a flood of light upon her for an instant, and a lad ran quickly past, casting an inquisitive glance at her as he did so. Nero growled, and, though evidently in a hurry, she boy found time to turn round and snap his fingers at him. Amy's spirits touch recalled the dog to good manners. Then she listened to the murmuring of voices within the station-master's room close by, and presently there came out three or four tired-looking men, who cast half-sleepy, inquiring looks at the lady and the dog, and turned off towards the town road.

"Have a drink, Bill?" cried out one.

"Not to-night, Joe. I'm dead beat and mean to go home. Good-night."

Then the party separated, and as their receding steps fell upon Amy's ear she shivered and began to feel lonely and scared.

"Nero, this will never do," she said, "suppose we read some advertisements."

So they walked up and down the platform a few times, stopping to look at pictures of watering-places, which bore beneath them an account of their health-producing breezes and the peculiar comforts of certain hotels. Having read this several times, and feeling all the colder for thinking anything at all about sea-breezes in winter, they next betook themselves to a list of steamboats, and then to the portrait of a young lady brushing a marvelous head of hair, in a most singular toilet, and then a long list of recommendations from the faculty of certain pills, which were able, according to account, to cure almost every evil under the sun, from toothache to a broken leg; and then, tired with this undifying amusement, back to their resting-place on the hard bench. The clock over the closed bookstall still pointed to eleven; and after Amy had counted the little pails with "Fire" on them backwards and forwards two or three times, never making them come to the number, and felt herself growing dreadfully cold, and yet too tired to walk about, she confessed to herself that coming there at all had certainly been a mistake, and wondered whether she could not manage to get home before her husband's return. But no; the spirit which had helped her there was dying out. She was afraid the train would arrive, and he would pass her on the road: and though he would not be vexed, perhaps, at seeing her ready to meet him, it would annoy him to see her walking about alone. So she sat on, tired, frightened, almost miserable, and felt thankful to hear a jingling of checks at the end of the platform, and to see a depot-man come towards her, grimy and greasy enough, but evidently inclined to be sociable, and as far as in him lay, respectful to the station's guest.

IV.

"Nice dog, ma'am," said the porter, setting down his cheeks just in front of Amy, and jerking a very black thumb towards Nero. "A very uncommon nice dog, if you don't mind me saying so. I dare say now, you wouldn't feel inclined to part with him." The porter merely said this as a piece of conversation; but it had the effect of making Amy feel hot and angry.

"Part with him! No indeed!" she said so sharply the man felt he had made a mistake, and took a step as if to carry his burden of shining cheeks out of her reach.

"No offence, ma'am," said he, civilly; "only once I had a dog, and *I* parted, and so it seemed natural like to ask if you wasn't going to get rid of *his*," with another jerk towards Nero. Then he added, "it's a cold night for you to be a-settin' out here, ma'am. Won't you go into the ladies' room? There's sure to be a fire there till the express's passed."

But Amy thanked him and said "No." She would stay where she was till the train arrived. How much longer would she have to wait?

"Half an hour, I reckon," said the man. "She wasn't telegraphed from Worcester till seven minutes after her time, and she'll have to rattle along the next forty miles to get in when she's due. Happen you're going on, ma'am. Got your ticket yet?"

Amy replied that she was not going on, she was only come to meet some one; upon which the man, remarking that settin' was as good as standin', and he'd run out a mort (whatever that might mean) of shoe-leather that day, seated himself on an empty barrow, and prepared to continue the conversation.

"Ah," he said, "once a year *I* meet some one, and, lor! how I do look out for that same one's train! I aint particular, so I'll tell you, ma'am; it ain't my *young* woman that I look out for, but my *old* woman, and a most uncommon old woman she is, to be sure! She is on her eighty-six, is my mother; but she'll work about, and do for my father, who's nine years younger nor she, and take a day's washing better nor many a woman no more than half her age."

The man spoke up so briskly about his "old woman" that Amy felt interested, and, with a few questions, led him into a very circumstantial account of his life and doings.

"And so," she said—after he had told her how his mother had persuaded him to "get on the line" instead of "keeping on the land," and how he had got two risks and looked for another pretty soon; then, if his old father *should* happen to drop off, his mother should come and live with *he*, and make *he* comfortable—"and so all these years you have been chiefly working for the sake of helping your mother, and with the hope of having her with you at the end of her life."

"End of her life?" said the man, rather crossly; "I don't see what call you've got to talk about that. I wish there warn't no end to her life, that's all, for she's been a rare good mother to I."

He said this with such earnestness that Amy forgot to smile at his words, and said warmly, "You have been a fortunate man to have such a one; only those who do not remember their parents know how sad it is to be without them. When your mother comes here again I should like to see her, so——"

"Here she comes!" broke in the man, instantly on the alert, as the shrill sound of a whistle came through the night air; and Amy sprang to her feet for an instant in confusion as to who or what was approaching, but she followed her guide, and stood near him, watching the two glaring eyes that were growing bigger and bigger as they came nearer.

She had worked herself up to a pitch of excitement that was too much for her, and as the train stopped she felt powerless to go forward and meet her husband, but dropped trembling on the bench beside her. Fully a minute, that seemed an age, passed, while one or two of the car doors were opened and closed. Her friend, the station man, came up, and noticing her agitation, seemed about to offer some remark, when his attention was drawn from her by a sudden exclamation of horror from the conductor. He hurried towards one of the cars, at the door of which already stood a backman and two or three other people, all of whom were peering in.

"No," said a gentleman, "he got in when I did at Springfield; and when I heard this was Lynford I went to wake him, for he told me he was only coming thus far."

"Is it a fit?" said the guard.

"Fit!" said the first speaker; "worse than that—he's—he's dead."

"Is there no one who knows who it is?"

No one spoke for a minute, then a man ran off for help. Some one said something about a medical man, and the conductor, taking a book that lay in the hand of the dead passenger, read out, not very loudly, but loud enough to reach the ears of one unfortunate hearer, "Francis G. Maitland, Lynford, 186—"

A terrible cry, not a shriek, but a sound as of great agony, broke from the lady on the bench, and a man ran forward to lift up the figure that had fallen heavily on the platform.

A quarter of an hour afterwards Amy recovered her consciousness to find herself lying in a dimly-lighted ladies'-room, the depot-master and his wife standing by her side, and Nero with his cold affectionate nose close by, licking her hands and whining piteously. She stared stupidly about, wondering, as fainting people do wonder, who they are, where they are, what world they are in.

"What—ever—is—this?" she said, at last; "where—ever—am—I?" Then, with a kindling look of anxiety, "And where is my husband?"

The depot-master's wife began to cry, the baggage man muttered something about if his old mother was there; and Amy gradually raising herself, fixed her eyes on the depot-master himself, repeating two or three times, "What is all this? what is all this?"

"My dear lady," he said, feeling he must say something, "is there not some one we can send for? You must not be alone."

"Alone?" she said. "Why am I not to be alone? What do you mean? What has happened?"

Nobody dared to tell her anything; and, in the minute of silence that fell on them all, Amy recovered enough recollection to recall the words she had heard before her senses forsook her. Instantly she rose; and with bloodless lips, asked, "Where is he?"

"My dear," cried the poor women who was kneeling by her, "don't, don't do it! There's Mr. Morgan from the hospital there now; if anything can be done it will be done."

"Where is he?" she repeated moving towards the door. The depot-master reached out his hand to help her, but, from some strange fancy, Amy preferred asking the dingy baggage-man's aid. "You saw! the man's name was—how—how?"—then stopping—"why do I wish for him? O, I know, because he has such a good mother." Her hearers whispered that the poor thing could not know what she was talking about, and followed her and her guide to the part of the platform where lay stretched a lifeless body, with two or three men bending over it. Amy moved nearer and nearer, till within a yard of the group, then she looked at the dead face, and breaking out into an irrestrainable peal of hysterical laughter, and shrieked out, "It is not my husband."

One week after, Dr. Maitland sat by his wife's side, looking older and more careworn, as well he might. One week of such anxiety he had never before known, and they had left their mark upon him.

Amy was only just recovering from the illness, so nearly fatal, into which that winter's day and night had thrown her; but recovering she was, and now for the first time her husband's arms had carried her down to the room where we first saw her.

Up to this time she had been unable to recall any of the circumstances immediately preceding her illness, but the instant her eye fell on the little sketch lying upon the table she seemed to have a clue to what had happened.

"I remember, I can remember now," she cried out, with such excitement that her husband felt frightened at her agitation.

Every little incident of that day she recalled and told him of; and when at last she lay back utterly exhausted, and weeping from very weakness, he, seeing she would not be satisfied till she had heard it, told what he had to tell. Something besides the heavy anxiety at his wife's state had been wearing down his mind since that sudden visit he had paid his mother.

The business about which she had sent for him was indeed urgent, for it was this. His brother, younger than himself by three or four years, had at their father's death taken what money was bequeathed him, and gone abroad. He had always been the black sheep of the family; and, though much vexation, little surprise was felt when, after one or two brief letters, he left off writing altogether.

Nothing was heard of him for years, until he suddenly reappeared at his mother's house, and, with many bitter self-reproaches, confessed that he had dragged down an honorable name—he had forged a bill for more than ten thousand dollars upon his employers. He had contrived to escape

Bucks County Gazette:

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

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TO THE FARMERS AND CITIZENS OF BUCKS COUNTY.—The Centennial authorities have issued the following address to the farmers and residents of Bucks County generally:

"The Bureau of Agriculture, International Exhibition, has secured ninety acres of grain and grass land, for the trial of Harvesting Machinery in June and July, 1876. The lands selected are in Bucks County, and upon the line of the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad. These special exhibitions will be interesting in themselves and in the active interest which will attend them: they will draw vast attention to our county as an agricultural section, and will be the first grand contest of the kind ever held in this country (one hundred and ninety-five American reapers and mowers, up to date, having been entered for exhibition), and cannot but develop results of great practical value to this branch of Agriculture.

Considering the high character of this exhibition, and that your county of Bucks has been specially selected as the trial field in a friendly contest among the Nations of the world, will you not subscribe to the stock that it may be said the International Trial of Agricultural Machinery was defrayed by the farmers of Bucks County, and that it was done? The unavoidable expense will be the rent of ninety odd acres of land, cost of fertilizers, enclosures, structures and police, the aggregate amounting probably to five thousand (5,000) dollars, a sum though large, yet insignificant in view of the very important interests involved.

The Centennial Board of Finance and its agents receive all subscriptions, which are placed in a common fund. In this case even the specific subscriptions would be so placed; but the money may to all intents and purposes be considered as being applicable directly to the end in view. Centennial Stock is issued in shares of ten (10) dollars, and may or may not be a profitable investment; if it should not, the possession of the certificate will be creditable as a work of art memorial, and the consciousness that the money was devoted to so praiseworthy an object as the elevation of the science of husbandry, will be a source of gratification to the possessor and an heirloom to his children.

Citizens of Bucks County! are there not five hundred of you, who will take, at least, one share of stock? Do not wait to be solicited to contribute, it is a privilege to do so, and will be highly creditable to the county, though only its quota, even if it were not so highly distinguished as an agricultural section."

A fatal explosion of fire damp occured on Tuesday in Hutchinson's mine, near Kingston, Pa. A wall had been erected to shut off a portion of the mine not in use, but an opening was made in it Tuesday, and some boys, in opposition to orders, went through with a burning lamp. A terrific explosion followed. Dennis Foster and Martin Ryan were instantly killed, and James Hutchinson was blown into a pool of water and held face downward by debris until he was drowned. Several others working near the scene of the explosion were injured.

Telegrams from Concord and St. Alban's say that a boy resembling Charley Ross was put upon a Montreal train at Nashua on Monday night by some men who failed to give him a ticket. He at first gave a different name from Ross, but afterwards said the men had made him tell a story; that his name was Ross; that he had lived in Philadelphia; that he was carried away while playing with his brother Eddie, and that his mother's name was Annie. He is now at St. Alban's, and those having him in charge have communicated with Mr. Ross.

The late Garret Smith's be nevolence receives a fresh illustration by an old letter of his which is published by *The Utica Herald*. Hearing that one of his tenants was in debt and unable to pay his rent, Mr. Smith wrote him: "Mr. Dorrance pleads for you. He tells me of your poverty and other misfortunes. Do not try to pay me anything. You may live on the land as long as our Heavenly Father allows you to live on earth. Be of good cheer! and may you and those dear grandchildren of whom Mr. Dorrance speaks all be blessed in each other."

The inquiry into the cause of the recent gas explosion in Boston, which has been conducted by experts, under direction of the Coroner's jury, ended yesterday. It disclosed the fact that a drip cock of the gas main had been carelessly left open by an employe of the gas company, and that this allowed the rapid accumulation of gas which led to the explosion.

WE ask the attention of our readers to the advertisement of "The Centennial Exposition of American Presidents." We have seen the work, and can recommend it. It embraces the presidents, from Washington to Grant, with a fac simile of their respective autographs, and it is sold at prices which will enable all to secure a copy of this really handsome piece of art.

Secretary Bristow's prospects for the Presidency are treated with tender solicitude by *The Kennebec Journal*, sometimes called Mr. Blaine's organ. *The Journal*, thinks the world of the Secretary, but is afraid his Southern residence will be fatal to his candidacy, since the "North has not forgotten its betrayal by Andrew Johnson."

Some curious fellow has examined the records of the District of Columbia, and found that Gen. Babcock's real estate there is worth about $70,000. This, together with a cottage by the sea at Long Branch, equal in its rich appointments to Grant's sea-side residence, is the fruit of eight year's economy, at a salary of $4,000 per year.

Hon. Carl Schurz lectured at Trenton, N. J., Tuesday evening, to a large audience, on "Centennial Thoughts." After the lecture he sat down to a supper, at which speeches were made by several of his German friends.

The Fisk University for colored youths, at Nashville, will be dedicated on New Year's Day. The building costs $120,000, which was nearly all raised by the Jubilee Singers who were formely students of the University.

The Secretary of the Treasury has ordered the retirement of $644,550 in legal-tenders, on account of National bank circulation issued during the month. This leaves the legal tenders outstanding $371,827,222.

The ninety-ninth anniversary of the battle of Trenton was celebrated in that city on Monday last. A sham battle, in which a thousand men were engaged, was one of the main features of the celebration.

A. C. Johnson, President of the Fayette county National Bank, at Washington, Ohio, was arrested and taken to Cincinnati, on Monday, to answer the charge of embezzling $10,000 of the bank's funds.

In event of Congress appropriating the additional sum required to complete the buildings, an extra force of workmen will be employed and the Director General says everything will be ready by April.

The Comptroller of the Currency has called upon all the National banks of the country for a report showing their condition at the close of business on Friday, the 17th of December.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

NEW YORK LETTER.

New York, Dec. 28th, 1875.

With laggard steps the old year splashes along his muddy way to the tomb of the buried past, now closed at hand, to take his place therein. "Cold and dark and dreary, it rains, and the wind is never weary," is just the sort of description which best fits this beastliest of all abominable weather—what a sad burlesque it is upon winter. But we hope for better things in the new year, for cheery snow and bracing air and above all better times to make us forget the doleful croakings of the human ravens who prate continually that "there shall famine befall and sore distress, when Saturday cometh to be Christmas" and "a green Christmas makes a fat churchyard," and all that sort of thing. Sore distress in our Centennial year! I guess not—if Providence has not entirely gone back on us. How the Centennial, by the way is

WAKING UP DORMANT PATRIOTISM

It has even waked upon New York Aldermen, one of whom has been long enough in the country to read that the "Star Spangled Banner" was adopted by the Continental army on January 1st, 1876, and the City Fathers request that in commemoration of that event all the American flags, ashore and afloat, in and about New York, be flung to the breeze on New Year's day.

BEECHER

announced from his pulpit last Sunday that he was going to "receive" on New Year's day, but you must not allow your mind to revel in fanciful pictures of champagne and egg-nog, and punch cloaked beneath that word. He simply means that he will receive——the condolences of his friends. It is to be hoped they may comfort him. Moulton has just begun a suit against him for $50,000 damages for malicious prosecution. He made affidavits charging Moulton with perjury, you remember, and they would not prosecute the suit. Mrs. Moulton is also prosecuting her fight with Plymouth, in a way which convinces that unhappy congregation that it "bit off more than it could chew" when it undertook to get rid of her by an expulsion. She persists in demanding a mutual council, instead of an advisory one, to consider questions which she suggests and not merely to be confined to just what suits Plymouth. Very reluctantly Plymouth has yielded to the pressure she has brought to bear and in a few weeks probably we shall have the scandal reopened more thoroughly than ever before, in both the denominational council and the courts. Frank Moulton is rich and swears that he will establish the veracity and good faith of both his wife and himself, if it costs every dollar he has in the world. Benj. F. Butler is to be his principal counsel, and at the thought Bro. Beecher already groans in spirit. What Moulton wants is vindication, not mere money damages, and he will no doubt be satisfied with a verdict in his favor which awards him no more than the *Sun* got out of the *Tribune* yesterday after a long and costly litigation over alleged trespass, viz. six cents. That

TAMMANY

is still run by "Boss" Kelly is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that he has selected the delegates from the several districts, over whom the farce of a primary election is to be held for the enlarged Tammany General Committee. It need not be strange if the demonstration of this fact accelerates the alienation of the great body of our local Democracy from this connection. The parent society of Tammany as the Tammany Society of the Columbian Order is generally considered has in, so far at least as its advisory committee are concerned, resolved not to change from a secret to an open order, the measure so earnestly recommended by Mr. H. L. Clinton and some of the best members. As soon as this report of the committee is adopted, it is probable that a vigorous endeavor will be made by certain interested parties to have the society charter revoked by the Legislature, on the ground that it has never even attempted to carry out the nominal purposes with which it was organized.

As far as can be ascertained John Nannery an Irish shoemaker on South Fifth Avenue enjoyed

A JOLLY CHRISTMAS.

His wife was a weak, deformed little woman. He could whip her easy and he did. He dragged her about by her hair, and pounded her with a club, and dug chunks of her flesh off by blows with a sharp poker, and finally reached the climax of his amusement by pouring a lot of camphene over her as she lay unconscious and set it on fire. But even his Hibernian neighbors interfered then—for there was danger of setting the house on fire—and John was torn from the light and warmth he had made in his home to be immured in a cold, dark, prison cell. Poor fellow. If Mrs. Nannery looks at the affair calmly in the spirit world, she must know it was only his way of having a little fun—I wonder if he has enough political "influence" in his ward to get him off with as little punishment as Scannell got.

I trust that I am not using too strong language when I characterize as

AN INFAMOUS YANKEE TRICK.

the plan by which it is now clearly demonstrated that Massachusetts, and especially Boston, lightens herself of her fair share of burden of pauperism in this season of wide-spread misery. She ships her paupers to this city, sends them by scores and hundreds, even sends along agents to makes sure that they get here and turns them loose upon us, quite indifferent whether we relieve their necessities or permit them to starve. I hope the crowd of female suffragists going up to Albany this winter to ask for the right to vote, will be shrewd enough to pledge themselves never to vote for any man or woman, who would do so mean a thing as Massachusetts is now doing. Those F. S. by the way, are terribly in earnest this time and I pity the fledgling statesman who dares to say them nay.

CAPT. PAUL BOYTON

has got back from Europe, bringing with him a trunk full of gold and silver medals attesting the enthusiastic reception he received over there and the general recognition of the merit of his life saving swimming dress. The Captain has saved the lives of seventy-one drowning persons.

The *Sun* of yesterday devoted nearly two columns to an "interview" between one of its reporters and Mr.

CHARLES DE YOUNG

proprietor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, rather an unusual compliment for the *Sun* to pay to a journalist, but in this case a deserved one. This sketch of Mr. DeYoung's busy life reads like a romance, but I, who have lived in California, know it to be simply plain truth told with characteristic modesty by the gentleman in question. He has in the face of the most malevolent and unscrupulous opposition, by his own almost unaided talent and energy, built up his paper from a very humble start as a theatre programme, until as the *Sun* says; it has a daily circulation of 40,000 copies and leads the journalism of the Pacific coast." His enemies have tried to crush him by treachery, calumny and conspiracy, have even sought to assassinate him, but have signally failed and he ranks to-day as probably the youngest very successful newspaper publisher—made successful by his own ability—in this country, if not in the world. SANS NOM.

☞Mr. F. P. Stults, Watchmaker, 10½ Broad street, Trenton, N. J., intends giving away three prizes, two silver watches and a fine bronze clock, on the same plan that he gave the $100 Gold Watch away. He will commence giving out tickets about the 20th of this month.

☞WANTED.—Live agents to sell "The Centennial Exposition of American Presidents," in Philadelphia and throughout the State. Now is the time to secure good territory. Address, or apply to MR. BERCHING, 111 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

[Correspondence of the Bucks County Gazette.]

WAYLAND SEMINARY.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Washington has many places of interest for the stranger: the Capitol, Smithsonian Institute, Congressional Gardens, and other public buildings and places offer every inducement for the travelling multitude to linger for days and weeks around our nation's capital; these are published in guide books; visited carelessly or carefully by thousands of people; and extolled by many more who know them only by name; but to me no place that has claimed a few hours attention has more justly merited it than the Wayland Seminary for colored people of both sexes. This institution was established about nine years ago; is purely charitable; without any endowment, but under the auspices of the Baptist Home Missionary Association. The constant daily charge of the school devolves upon Prof. G. M. P. King, formerly of Paris, Me., who undoubtedly is eminently fitted for the duties, not imposed, but assumed as a labor of love. No missionary work in foreign countries can ever win such eternal laurels as can this life service for an oppressed and reviled people, and no advocate for inferiority of race could ever have his own faith more shaken or his arguments more nearly overthrown than by the testimony of these very men gave, by the wonderful ability with which they perform their school duties. The school is composed of ninety-four pupils; over seventy of whom are boys and men, whose ages range from 10 to 45. On Wednesday of every week between two and three hours are devoted to declamations by a part of the school; a five minutes extemporaneous talk by one of the advanced pupils, and singing by all. Last Wednesday, we listened to these exercises. The rich, full voices, rendered doubly effective the emotional and soul-stirring words of their favorite hymns, and "Roll, Jordan, Roll," "Swing Low Sweet Chariot," and many others, have fastened themselves forever upon the memory and hearts of those who heard them. From ten to twelve students, each in his turn, took his stand upon the platform and gave in excellent oratorical style, the selection he had well and wisely chosen. Each recitation occupied from five to ten minutes, and was marked by correct grammar and pronunciation, graceful and dignified manner, and perfect self-possession on the part of the speaker. The quick and practised eye and ear of the ever watchful teacher, detected the slightest error in speech or manner, and the merest tap of the foot upon the floor notified the speaker of his error, which he corrected without embarrassment.

Watkins, a fine looking young man, with bright, honest, intelligent face, gave the five minutes talk on "Concord—Unity," and earnestly appealed to his fellow students to make more efficient their work outside of school life, by the same united effort that had made Wayland Seminary so successful. His voice was refined and cultivated, and his manner that of one more accustomed to public speaking.

The discipline of the school is wonderfully mild and firm; never has there occurred the least insubordination; they know nothing but implicit obedience, which is enforced by a word. No tricks or jokes that are deemed so amusing among the students of our Northern colleges are ever practised there, and many a Sophomore or Junior class might learn a lesson of order, politeness and gentlemanly behavior from these boys and men only a few years out of slavery.

Not one moment of disorder or inattention; not one rude stare or pert answer was noticeable during our two hours stay. We were present also at the opening of a morning session, and will ever remember the exercises with more than ordinary interest. A short ringing of the bell by one of the students brought them quickly to their desks; the roll was called and met with a clear and respectful response after an impressive invocation from their Professor, which fitted them the better for the religious performance of that day's duties. A few hymns were sung for the gratification of their visitors, and the classes dispersed for recitations. The Bible class, to which we listened was composed of pupils who had only entered upon their first year, and the readiness with which different one's reviewed the class as called upon by their teacher, was remarkable. Many of these men are fitting themselves for teachers and ministers, and will go forth among their own people, spreading broadcast the lessons that Wayland has given them.

The school has striven through great pecuniary difficulties. It was held first in an old and inconvenient house, with but poor accommodations,—now the building it occupies is an imposing structure, built, in a great measure by Mr. King's individual effort. Its summers have been spent in travelling in its behalf; concerts have been given by the pupils and under his supervision, and many attempts, both successful and unsuccessful have been made to raise money by contributions.

Fifty students board in the Institute—forty-eight men and two women, at the low price each of $50 per year. The work is done by them, except the cooking; and no house could show more tidy housekeeping. The sleeping rooms are furnished with a single bed, washstand, table, chair and looking glass, and any thing else is provided by the occupant. The neatness is unexceptionable, not even a hat or book was to be seen on the bed.

The course of instruction is not extended but very thorough;—such as will fit them for any position in public life that is likely to fall to their lot as American citizens. Some of the men and one woman are being educated at the expense of a Sunday school—truly a good mission.

The Christmas dinners for this year and last, were sent already cooked from a Baptist church in Boston, thus giving a double pleasure; for certainly each one who contributed to that dinner must have enjoyed his own more, from the consciousness that he had shared of his abundance with those who would appreciate the kindness as well as the dinner. R.

☞The highest market prices paid for Muskrat skins, by S. A. Gump, Bristol.

☞Horsford's Acid Phosphate and Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, at Dr. Pursells.

☞Norny's Preserving Powder and Upham's Fresh Meat Cure, at Dr. Pursell's.

☞Seeley's Hard Rubber Trusses are the best—price $5 at Dr. Pursells.

☞All kinds of patent roofing done on terms to suit every one, by Wm. A. Gilton Bristol.

☞Condensed Milk at Dr. Pursell's.

☞Have you visited the Ark yet.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

OFFICE OF MARIS & SMITH,
Bankers and Brokers,
18 South Third Street, Philadelphia,
Tuesday, Dec. 28, 1875, 4 o'clock P. M.

EDITOR GAZETTE:

This has been quite an active day in the stock exchange, the Passenger railroad stocks again coming in for a large share of the various operations. Other stocks were much neglected, but still shared in the bullish feeling, despite the warnings of the few remaining bears, and the "shares" changed for money.

Pennsylvania R. R. sold early at 52¼ and 52⅜ on time, afterwards dropping to 52⅛. The stock soon rallied, and although the amount of business transacted was not large, it sold up to 52⅝ buyer 60 at the close, ending 52¼-⅜.

Reading R. R. opened 55¼, advanced to 55⅜, dropped to 55⅛, but closes 55⅜-½, some 500 shares changing hands at the bid price just before the close. The rumors as to a decrease in the dividend are not regarded as of any weight, and we wave little doubt but that the usual 2½ per cent. will be declared to-morrow.

Lehigh Navigation was in rather more favor, and 40½ buyer 30 was freely bid during the day, the stock ending 40½-¾.

Philadelphia and Erie sympathized with the other market, and sold at 20, closing 20-⅜.

Oil Creek was feverish in view of the sale to-morrow. It opened at 11½, advanced to 11¾, and dropped to 11½ before boards. During the rest of the day it fluctuated between 11½ and 11¾, closing 11¼-⅜.

Hestonville was the favorite, leading off at 33½, and with hardly a reaction selling up to 34¾, and 35¼ on time, closing 34¾-⅞.

The "Germans" were as usual prominent as buyers.

Money was in sharp demand and 8 per cent. was freely paid, though as yesterday Pennsylvania R. R. stock was the favorite collateral, and but little trouble was found in lending it at 6 per cent.

Gold opened 12¾ and sold up to 13, closing 12¾-13.

The New York Market has been without material change.

Money in New York closes 6 to 7 per cent.

Yours truly, MARIS & SMITH.

Philadelphia Bond and Stock quotations reported expressly for the GAZETTE by JOHN K. WILDMAN, No. 26 South Third street. December 28, 1875.

BONDS.—Pennsylvania Loan, 2d series, 105¼a106; Pennsylvania Loan, 3d series, 114a114¼; Philadelphia City 6's, 105¼a105¾; Allegheny Valley 7-30's, 85a85¼; Camden and Amboy 6's, 1885, 101a102; do. do. 1889, 20¼a100¼; do. Mort., 1889, 105¼a105¾; Lehigh Val. 7's, 113a113¼; North Pennsylvania 7's, 106a107; Pennsylvania and New York Canal 7's, 105¼a106¼; Pennsylvania R. R. 1st Mort., 105¼a106¼; do. general Mort. Coupon, 103a104; do. do. Mort. Registered 103a104; Philada. & Erie 7's, 90¼a91¼; Philadelphia and Reading 7's, 108a109; do. General Mortgage 7's, Coupon, 106¼a107; do. do. 7's, Registered, 107a107½; do. New Conv. 7's, 108¾a109; Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis 7's, 78¼a80; West Chester 7's, 106a107; West Jersey 7's, 106a107; Wilmington and Rdg. 1st Mortgage 7's, 48a46; Lehigh Navigation Gold Loan, 6's, 104a104¼.

STOCKS.—Lehigh Valley Railroad, 61¼a62; Mine Hill Railroad, 54a54¼; Nesquehoning Valley Railroad, 85a86; Pennsylvania Railroad, 52¼a52½; Philad'a and Reading Railroad, 55¼a55¾; Philada. & Trenton R. R. 132a134; United Co.'s of N. J. (C. & A.) 134¼a135; Central Transportation Co. 45¼a46; Fifth and Sixth street R. R., 69a70; Hestonville R. R., 34¼a34¾; Second & Third Sts. R. R. 80¼a83; Leh. Nav., 40¼a50.

Philadelphia.

DR. THOMAS,
COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION.
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.
DR. THOMAS makes a specialty of extracting teeth absolutely without pain by the aid of Nitrous Oxide. Over 25,000 persons have successfully inhaled the gas at his office
912 Walnut Street, (South Side), Philadelphia.
797

A. STINEMETZ,
1029 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.,
MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS AND GRAVE STONES. 218

R. E. WRIGHT & SON,
STEAM
SCOURING and DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,
4508 MAIN STREET, 4508
FRANKFORD, PA.
Clothing repaired and altered. 145

JOSEPH W. THOMPSON,
HATS, CAPS
AND
STRAW GOODS,
No. 1209 North Second Street,
East Side, Four doors above Girard Ave.
PHILADELPHIA.
A full assortment of Umbrellas. 1021

C. F. BLITTERSDORF. OLIVER S. WEEKS
C. F. BLITTERSDORF & CO.,
CUTLERS.
Depot for the best Concave Razors, Shears, Scissors, and warranted Cutlery of every description.
1105½ North Second Street, Philadelphia.
Steam Grinding and Repairing carefully done. 187

New Carpet Store.
CREAGMILE & CO.,
Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Shades,
&c. &c. &c.
1017 NORTH SECOND STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Open in the evening. 857

MISS C. F. LEDDON,
LADIES' HAIR DRESSING
ESTABLISHMENT,
1888 FRANKFORD ROAD,
PHILADELPHIA.
Ladies' Hair Dressing a specialty. Combings made up carefully. Constantly on hand and made to order Ladies' Hair Braids, Curls, Chignons and Hair Work of every description. 928

T. C. HOLLINGSWORTH,
No. 1026 North Second St.,
PHILADELPHIA,
Masonic Manufacturing and Military Depot.
Military and Society Goods of every description. Flags, Banners and Regalia, Jewels, &c. Also, Domestic Paper Patterns. 997

1776. THE CENTENNIAL. 1876.
E. SILBER'S
Paper Hanging Store,
S. W. Cor. Seventh and Girard Avenue,
PHILADELPHIA. 897

BANNISTER'S.
THE CHEAPEST PLACE FOR
BOOTS AND SHOES.
Head Centre for
GUM BOOTS AND SHOES, ALL KINDS.
4223 MAIN STREET, FRANKFORD. 164

EDWARD CLINE
The Merchant Tailor,
NO. 836 NORTH SECOND STREET.
PHILADELPHIA.
Can fit the most fastidious. 860

JACOB ROTH,
Fashionable Tailor,
No. 1318 Germantown Avenue,
Below Master Street, PHILADELPHIA.
79

JOHN REYLE,
Merchant Tailor,
No. 1033 North Second Street,
Corner of Germantown Ave.,
PHILADELPHIA. 935

WILLIAM FOX,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
AND
Men's Furnishing Goods,
NO. 226 NORTH SECOND STREET,
PHILADELPHIA. 94

NOW OPENING.
THE GREAT
EUROPEAN ANATOMICAL
AND
HISTORICAL MUSEUM,
739 Chestnut St.,
Occupying the whole building.
The greatest and most complete show in America.
SECTION 1. "The Spanish Inquisition;" life-size figures never before seen in America.
SECTION 2. Anatomical Museum, consisting of six hundred figures, the finest collection of any Museum in America.
SECTION 3. A Magaliescopean Cabinet showing views of all parts of the world.
Open daily, from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.
Admission, 50 cents. 200

198

HENRY GRIEB,
NO. 1204 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Grand Display of Choice Fruits.
Extra Golden Muscat, Muscat of Alexandria and Black Barbaroesa Grapes.
CALIFORNIA PEARS.
Extra fine Confections of
MY OWN MANUFACTURE.
A full line of
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS.
A large assortment of
FOREIGN AND CALIFORNIA WINES.
BASKETS OF FRUIT FOR PRESENTATION,
arranged in elegant style.
For Sunday Schools and Festivals, we make a specialty of MIXTURES, and parties buying for these purposes will find it to their interest to call.
HENRY GRIEB,
1704 CHESTNUT STREET, Philadelphia. 202

Philadelphia.

WE GIVE NOTHING AWAY,
No Penny Chromo, Bronze Figure or Glass Ware,
As all right-minded people know the price of the gift is charged to the goods. Our price list you will find below.

Extra Choice Formosa Tea,	80 Cts.	Best Young Hyson Tea,	90 Cts.
Best Oolong "	60 "	Good "	70 "
Good "	40 "	Fair "	50 "
Fair "	30 "	Best Eng. Br'kfast "	80 "
Best Japan "	80 "	Gunpowder "	$1 00.
Good "	60 "	Old Government Java Coffee,	38 Cts.
Fair "	50 "	Java "	33 a 35 "
Best Imperial "	90 "	Mariceabo "	30 a 33 "
Good "	70 "	Laguayra "	25, 28 a 30 "
Fair "	60 "	Rio "	25 a 28 "

SUGARS ALWAYS THE LOWEST. A full line of Pure Spices.
All goods guaranteed as represented or money refunded.
T. P. GREGER,
630 North Second Street, Philadelphia.
Three doors below Fairmount Avenue. 874

Marter & Co.'s,
No. 14 North EIGHTH Street, above Market,
AND
No. 20 South EIGHTH Street, above Chestnut.
PHILADELPHIA.

1000
LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN'S
SACQUES, CLOAKS, WALKING COATS,
SUITS—READY MADE. SUITS—MADE TO ORDER. SUITS—IN ALL COLORS.
WATERPROOF CLOAKS. WATERPROOF CLOAKS. WATERPROOF CLOAKS.
LADIES' MUSLIN CHEMISES, DRAWERS, SKIRTS, NIGHT WRAPS, CORSETS,
INFANTS' CLOAKS, ROBES, DRESSES, SHAWLS, CAPS, &c.
Dress Making in all its Branches. 191

HALE, KILBURN & CO'S
CHAMPION FOLDING BEDSTEAD,
THE EVERETT PATENT.

Prize Medals Awarded. Best in the World. Easy to Operate. No getting out of order. Don't fail to examine.
PRICES FROM $33 UPWARDS.
Hale's Flexible Top Spring Beds received first medal at Cincinnati, Ohio, 1873. The cheapest first-class spring in use. Sent on trial, and money refunded if not satisfactory.
Hale's Flexible Seat Chairs, Stools, &c. Two prize medals already awarded—1874, 1875. Neat, strong, elastic and durable.
Hale's Chameleon Pier and Mantel Mirrors—Changes into four styles. No trouble.
Picture Frames, Looking Glasses, Mouldings, &c. Walnut work a specialty.
Fine Walnut Furniture and Centennial Show Cases made to order.
HALE, KILBURN & CO., Philadelphia.
193 Warerooms, 48 and 50 N. SIXTH Street. Factories, 615, 617, 619 and 621 FILBERT Street.

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY
BY PURCHASING YOUR
TEAS AND COFFEES
OF THE
AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Importers of Teas.
RETAIL STORES:
932 Arch Street, 31 South Second Street, 260 North Ninth Street, and N. W. corner Eleventh and Spring Garden Streets, Philadelphia. 960

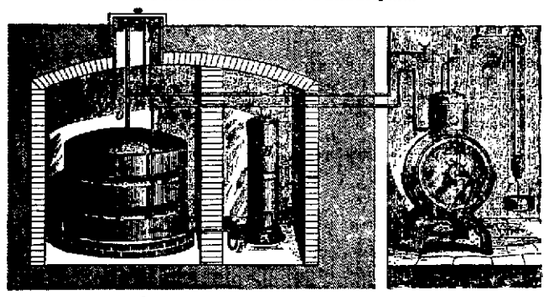
I. BEDICHIMER,
Engraver and Manufacturer of Masonic Marks,
Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, American Mechanics, Red Men, and all other Society Badges, Pins and Emblems. Also, dealer in WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
No. 160 North Second St., Philada.
54

D. JARRETT WALTON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Looking Glasses, Portrait and Picture Frames,
Brackets, Cornices, Tassels, Cords, &c.,
No. 48 North Second Street, above Christ Church,
PHILADELPHIA.
65

TURNER & PEARSON,
NEW AND CHEAP
OYSTER AND DINING ROOMS.
For Ladies' and Gentlemen,
607 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
FIRST DOOR BELOW THE THEATRE. 70

CHARLES LIGGINS,
DEALER IN
Fine Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
STERLING AND COIN SILVER AND SILVER PLATED WARE,
Clocks, Canes, Spectacles, Opera Glasses.
WEDDING RINGS, PRESENTS, &c.,
1046 NORTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
☞Particular attention paid to repairing Watches, Jewelry, &c. 980

A. W. RAND,
Sole manufacturer of "VICTOR GAS MACHINE." Patented August 10th, 1867.
124 North Sixth Street Philadelphia.



ALSO manufacturer of and dealer in HEATERS, RANGES, BAKE OVENS, Etc. PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING. Special attention given to Hotel work.
Refer to the following well-known parties using them: C. W. & J. Peirce, Bristol, Pa; James Dobson, Falls of Schuylkill; St. Joseph's Convent School, Chestnut Hill; Geo. W. Hinkle, Congress Hall, Atlantic City, N. J. 65.

THE LARGE NEW STORE
OF
THOMAS McFARLAND,
Practical Tin Roofer,
AND MANUFACTURER OF TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE,
FOUR DOORS ABOVE SELLERS STREET, FRANKFORD,
Is elegantly fitted up and stocked with a general assortment of splendid HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
Heaters, Ranges, Fire Brick and Grates to order. Tin covered over old shingles. Gravel Roofs torn off and covered with tin.
4603 FRANKFORD AVENUE, ABOVE SELLERS, FRANKFORD. 122

JAMES ECKERSLEY, JR.,
Practical Tin Roofer,
AND MANUFACTURER OF TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
No. 4504 Main Street, above Unity, Frankford.
Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Fire Bricks, and Grates always on hand. Jobbing promptly attended to. 142

CHAS. C. JONES,
Practical Photographer,
NO. 508 NORTH SECOND STREET, ABOVE NOBLE, PHILADELPHIA.
PICTURES taken in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Particular attention paid to taking children and copying. All Photographs are made from the retouched Negatives. 161

THORNTON BROTHERS,
MARBLE WORKERS,
4757 FRANKFORD AVENUE, FRANKFORD, PA.
Particular attention given to Building Work.
TOMB WORK A SPECIALTY. 162

E. B. HUTCHINSON,
THE POPULAR HATTER,
New and Old Styles in great variety, at
City Hall Hat and Cap Emporium,
CITY HALL, TRENTON, N. J. 1060

THOS. M. SEEDS,
PLAIN AND FASHIONABLE
HAT & CAP MANUFACTORY,
NO. 41 NORTH SECOND STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
A general assortment of Friends' Plain Hats, Children's Fancy Hats and Caps constantly on hand, and made to order at the shortest notice. 866

RICHARD C. STONE,
MANUFACTURER OF
JUVENILE COACH WORK,
and all kinds of
WOODEN WARE.
Store—945 North Second Street.
Factory—1013 North Front Street.
PHILADELPHIA.
73

WALL PAPER. WALL PAPER.
WE have now in store some two hundred patterns of Spring Goods to select from, which we are selling at the following reduced prices:
8 CENT PAPER, 12 CENTS.
12 CENT PAPER, 16 CENTS.
25 CENT PAPER, 25 CENTS.
Having bought low for cash, we are thus enabled to make the above reduction. Workmen sent to all parts of the country. JOSEPH L. LUGAR,
No. 530 North Second Street, bel. Poplar, PHILADELPHIA. 854

Trenton.

TANTUM & SHIELDS,
DEALERS IN
HOSIERY, GLOVES, UNDERWEAR,
DRESS SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, TIES, BOWS AND SCARFS
Assunpink Block, Trenton, N. J. 980

FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY.—The largest and most complete assortment of FURNITURE, consisting of Parlor Suits, Walnut Chamber Suits, Cottage Chamber Suits, Spring Beds, Hair, Husk and Straw Mattresses, Prime Feathers, Window Shades, Looking Glasses, Children's Carriages, the celebrated Brown & Bliss Walnut Extension Tables, together with all goods pertaining to the furniture line. All my Upholstery work is made under my own supervision, in which the best material only are used. Old Sofas made over and as good as new. All my goods being bought and sold for cash, enables me to undersell those who buy and sell on credit. Having bought largely of goods at panic prices, I am prepared to offer great bargains, and shall take pleasure in showing those who may favor me with a call.
39 A. V. MANNING, 47 Greene Street, Trenton, N. J.

GEORGE WESTON,
ARCHITECTURAL AND MONUMENTAL
SCULPTOR,
IN MARBLE, GRANITE AND FREESTONE.
Devoting especial attention to Monumental Works, &c., viz:
Tombs, Monuments, Headstones, Mural Tablets, Pulpits, Fonts, &c.
DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.
MARBLE YARD—Stockton Street, between Front and State Street,
TRENTON, N. J.

CEMETERY LOTS INCLOSED.—Cemetery work of every description done in the best manner and at reasonable rates. 40

PURE! WHOLESOME!! CHEAP!!!
Opening of the STAR CONFECTIONERY,
No. 4 Assanpink Block, Trenton, N. J.,
THIS DAY, with the most extensive and complete assortment of French and American Confectionery ever exhibited at retail in Trenton. Also, a choice line of Foreign Fruits and Nuts, fine Canned Goods, &c. Prices reasonable. Positively none but strictly pure and wholesome Confectionery sold by this House. Patronage solicited! Favors appreciated! Please call and examine.
THOMAS F. MARSHALL, Proprietor.
N. B.—Constantly on draught, Cold Sparkling Soda Water, Cremo, Nectar, Mead, and Kissengen Water. 1040

A Full and Splendid Line of
MILLINERY GOODS,
JUST RECEIVED AT
FOLLEN'S No. 1 Greene Street, Trenton, N. J.
PRYOR'S BLOCK, which will be sold Cheap for Cash.
LADIES, YOU CAN HAVE YOUR HATS BLOCKED AND PRESSED
FOR HALF THE COST OF NEW ONES.
All the Fall Styles Received in Blocks and Hats. Three First Class Milliners Employed 123

ESTABLISHED 1847.
EXTON'S TRENTON CRACKERS
Pronounced by conoisseurs the best in the market.
To guard against the numerous imitations of these celebrated Crackers, the public should
Ask for Exton's Crackers,
And see that his name is stamp on each on each and every Cracker.
☞For sale by Grocers generally throughout the United States and by
ADAM EXTON & CO., Manufacturers, Trenton, N. J.
Price List and Circular sent on application.
EXTON'S TRENTON CRACKER, the only genuine, original Trenton Crackers. Buy EXTON'S.
EXTON'S TRENTON WINE CRACKERS—Delicious, wholesome, cheap. Buy Exton's Wine Crackers.
EXTON'S TRENTON CRACKERS—Beware of imitations and substitutes. Buy EXTON'S.
EXTON'S TRENTON CRACKERS—Manufactured by
1018 A. EXTON & CO., Trenton, N. J.

Philadelphia.

J. F. HEFLEY'S
OYSTER SALOON
And Restaurant,
N. W. Corner Second and Brown,
PHILADELPHIA. 141

SAMUEL WAGNER'S
LADIES' AND GENTS'
OYSTER AND DINING ROOMS.
69 NORTH SECOND STREET,
Two doors below Arch, (formerly 32 Delaware Ave.)
THE FINEST and BEST OYSTERS in the CITY.
121

MRS. W. MUIR'S
LADIES' AND GENTS'
DINING AND OYSTER SALOON,
987

Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, December 30, 1875.

☞THERMOMETRICAL REPORT for the week ending Wednesday, Dec. 29th.—Furnished by JESSE B. MEARS, as noted at Bristol Post-Office:

	7 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
Th'day, Dec. 23	42	61	55
Friday, " 24	38	38	38
Saturday, " 25	37	45	42
Monday, " 27	48	43	39
Tuesday, " 28	30	25	35
Wed'day, " 29	36	42	39

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

PHILADELPHIA—Closes 9.00, A. M., 3.30 and 6.00 P. M; Arrives 8.00, A. M., 4.30 and 8.00, P. M.

NEW YORK—Closes 8.30, A. M., 3.30, 6.00 P. M. Arrives 10.00 A. M., 7.00 P. M.

TRENTON—Closes 7.15, 8.30, A. M., 3.30, P. M. arrives 10.00, A. M., 4.30 and 7.00 P. M.

PRINCETON, NEW BRUNSWICK, RAHWAY, ELIZABETH, NEWARK and JERSEY CITY, closes 8.30 A. M., 3.30 P. M.; arrives 10.00 A. M., 7.00 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN—Closes 10.00, A. M., 6.00, P. M arrives 9.45, A. M., 8.00, P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE, HULMEVILLE, ATTLEBOROUGH, NEWTOWN, WRIGHTSTOWN, PINEVILLE and BUCKINGHAM—Closes at 10.00, A. M; arrives at 9.45, A. M.

THE GAZETTE FOR 1876.

The GAZETTE will be sent until further notice with other publications, postage free in all cases, payment to be made invariably in advance. As follows:

Gazette and Scribner's Monthly,	$5.25,	full rate,	$6.00
" " Atlantic Monthly,	5.25,	" "	6.00
" " Harper's Magazine,	5.25,	" "	6.00
" " Galaxy,	5.25,	" "	6.00
" " Popular Science Mo.,	6.00,	" "	7.00
" " N. Y. Medical Jour.,	5.25,	" "	6.00
" " St. Nicholas,	4.50,	" "	5.00
" " Am. Agriculturist,	3.10,	" "	3.60
" " Harper's Weekly,	5.25,	" "	6.00
" " Harper's Bazar,	5.25,	" "	6.00
" " Littell's Living Age,	8.75,	" "	10.00
" " The Home Journal,	3.50,	" "	5.00
" " Practical Farmer,	3.75,	" "	4.50

The advantages offered by our clubbing terms are open to our old subscribers as well as new.

Persons desiring to order more than one of the above named publications invited to send for terms. Address

JESSE O. THOMAS, Bristol, Pa.

NORTH.

EFFORTS are being made to organize a post of the Grand Army of the Republic, in this place.

SAMUEL SWAIN has been chosen Secretary and Treasurer of the Bristol Gas Light Company.

A FLAG-POLE was placed in position yesterday at the truck house of the America Hose Company.

MORTON A. WALMSLEY has been appointed agent of the Independent Mutual Fire Insurance Company for Bristol and vicinity.

WILLIAM KINSEY, ESQ., has the agency for several of the insurance companies formerly represented here by Joshua V. Buckman.

JUDGE WATSON and lady have tendered to the members of the Bucks County bar an invitation to a New Year's Eve reception at Doylestown.

AT a foot race at Wheat Sheaf last Monday, a large crowd was in attendance. A fight among some of those congregated there, resulted in one man having his ear bit off.

THE revival meetings now being held in the M. E. Church of this place, are meeting with encouraging success. About forty souls have been converted.

ON last Sunday morning, between 2 and 3 o'clock a small stable on Otter street belonging to G. W. Boileau of Newportville, was burned. It was supposed to have been set on fire. The stable was empty and the loss will not exceed $200.

AT Trenton, N. J., on Monday, a running race of 100 yards, for $500 a side, took place between John F. Crossley, of Frankford, and George King, of Trenton. It was won by Crossly, in 11½ seconds.

THE *Bucks County Intelligencer* announces that its weekly edition will be suspended, and that it will appear hereafter as a semi-weekly,—the days of publication being Wednesday and Saturday. The paper will be reduced in size. The change is made to accommodate itself to its extensive advertising patronage.

A PUBLIC donation visit will be held in the Christian Church, at Tullytown, for the benefit of the pastor, Rev. Everett H. Plummer, on New Year's day, January 1, 1876, commencing at 2 o'clock, continuing during the afternoon and evening. The friends of the pastor and also of the church are most cordially invited to attend.

THE Buckley street Mission Sunday School will hold its first Anniversary Festival this evening. The Hall is neatly decorated with mottoes and evergreens, and a Christmas tree is filled with presents for the scholars. On Sunday next the school will have been in operation for one year, and has accomplished much good, the average attendance being over fifty.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Bristol Post Office Wednesday evening, Dec. 30, 1875: Henry Bell, William Brudon, Ellen Case, John Casey, Mary E. Cammel, Charles Cole, George Crammer, Barney Dugan, Julia Gilkeson, Edward Geadd, Rachel Hellings, William Hibbs, Henry W. Howls, James Kelly, Emma Lowe, Mary McGovern, F. O. Donnel, Sarah Praul, Josephine Pearson, Mary Savage, Hoker Saxton, Maggie E. Schnieder, Abraham Steinloker, Maggie B. Ward, Louisa Young.

BRIDGET CONNER was arrested the fore part of the week by Constable Yardley, upon a warrant issued by Esq. Henry charging her with larceny. She was taken before 'Squire Bailey, pleaded guilty and was ordered to be committed to jail to await the action of the Grand jury. On Tuesday she was placed in the charge of the Newtown stage driver, who was to see her safely landed at Fort Purdy, but while the until was being changed at Newtown, Bridget made her escape, but was captured yesterday morning on the Yardleyville road about a mile and a half from Newtown.

AN election of officers of our new military company—Co. G, 16th Regiment—was held at the Engine House last evening. Capt. Smith, pay-master of the 16th Regiment, accompanied by the quarter-master, William E. Perry, of Norristown, were in attendance. The officers elected were—Captain, Jacob C. Hamilton; 1st Lieutenant, James Lawrence; 2d Lieutenant, Richard Hepworth. Col. Edward Seball and Paymaster Smith will be present in February to inspect. As soon as bond is given by the captain, the arms and equipments will be furnished to the company. At present the membership book of the company shows 47 men and commissioned officers.

THE annual festival of the Methodist Sunday School was held on Tuesday evening last. The opening prayer was made by the pastor, after which the Misses McCoole (members of the infant class) gave a song, in a very good manner. Readings were given by Prof. Krichbaum, and an address was made by the pastor. A large Christmas tree, well loaded with candies, &c., for the children, occupied the chief attention, while the appearance of Kriss Krinkle himself, at an opportune moment, added much to the merriment. William H. Hall, in appropriate costume, represented King Santy. A tableau representing a Christmas scene, was given, and much admired and appreciated. A bountiful supply of ice cream, cakes, candies, oranges, &c., was distributed among the children and audience. The pastor was presented with a fine cake, while Messrs. J. M. Brown, J. G. Krichbaum and J. W. Wright, also received gifts of the same kind. After the school was dismissed with the benediction, the teachers and officers had a little festival of their own. The evening passed very pleasantly, and it is doubtless a source of regret to the children (and others perhaps) that "Christmas comes but once a year."

A CORONER'S inquest was held last Sunday morning, on the body of James Sherron, who died last Thursday morning. On Friday morning his son came from the city, and made accusations that his father had been foully dealt with, and threatened to go to the city and bring up a couple of physicians to hold a post-mortem examination. The family to relieve themselves of the charge, consented to have a Coroner's inquest, and a post-mortem examination was held by Dr. Groom, the attending physician, and Dr. Allis, of Philadelphia. The autopsy revealed the fact that he had died from Oedema of the lungs. On Monday, a grandson, a young attorney of Philadelphia, and an executor of the will, came with two physicians to make an examination of the body. They were notified that an examination had been made, but were permitted to examine an internal organ that they were anxious to see. The body was taken on Tuesday to Salem, New Jersey, for interment.

THE average Bristol man is as full of patriotism as the streets of the town are, at present, full of mud. The same enthusiasm and love of country that fired our ancestors a century ago still lives in the breast of our townsmen and waits only for the tolling of 12 o'clock on the night of Dec. 31st to break its bonds and burst forth with an abandon and glory second only to that which the first stroke of the old Liberty Bell let loose in Philadelphia, on July 4, 1776. To-morrow night as the bell on our only centennial relic, the "Town Hall," strikes the hour of twelve, and the echo of the last stroke has died on the midnight air, old Bristol will resound with the merry ringing of bells and the loud booming of cannon. Property owners, awakened out of their slumbers, need have no fears that a second Chicago conflagration is in progress, and unprotected females may rest calmly secure from the terrible fear that some horrid man is trying to enter the house, it will only be American patriotism showing itself—as it always does—in noise. In bells, pop, fizzle, bang, &c. So do not be alarmed, reader, but turn over and hurrah for the advent of 1876.

TRAMPS TO BE LOOKED AFTER.—The announcement is officially made, says the Tyrone *Herald*, that a convention of Poor Directors of the State of Pennsylvania, will be held in the Opera House, Altoona, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, January 19th, 20th, and 21st, 1876, for the purpose of deliberating upon the best method of abating the tramp nuisance, and such other matters as may be brought up for consideration. It is expected that the convention will be largely attended.

Petitions are in circulation asking Congress to repeal the law requiring stamps on bank checks.

Doylestown and Vicinity.

At the Doylestown English and Classical Seminary, on Thursday evening last, there was an oratorical contest. The prizes numbered six, and were contested for by sixteen scholars from the different classes. The prizes were divided into three parts. The prize which was contested for by the B and C classes was won by Cyrus B. White, of Solebury; the second one by Ida Lewis, and the third by Mary Trego. The prizes for the A and Junior classes were won by Harry Shoemaker, Harvey Scott and Lizzie Morrison. The manner in which the several participants delivered their speeches was very good, and the judges in deciding upon the merits of the efforts of these speakers, found considerable difficulty in coming to a conclusion. The elocution department of this institution is conducted by one of the best of teachers, hence it follows that those who were selected to speak upon this occasion did full justice to themselves and their teacher.

Doylestown, during the last week, has had its share of entertainments and amusements. On Wednesday evening the scholars of Linden Seminary, which is under the control of Messrs. Hough and Sheip, gave their annual entertainment. This school being confined to one sex, the exercises consisted principally of readings and vocal and instrumental music. These parts were all well performed, and did credit to the pupils and those who had the training of them. The following is the programme: Chorus, "The Ocean Nymphs," by the vocal class; prayer by the Rev. L. B. Hoffman; instrumental duet, Rondino (op. 26), by Carrie Yerkes and Ella Hough; recitation, "Belshazzar's Feast," by Sallie Swartz; waltz (op. 18), by Hannah Stover; recitation, "The Swan's Nest," by Mary Hulshizer; recitation, "Das Lebewohl Johanna," (a German piece), by Carrie Yerkes; vocal duet, "Beautiful Venice," by Ella Heist and Rosa B. Lear; amateur drama, "Using the Weed," by several persons—this piece was humorous and very good. "Parable of the Virgins," by ten young ladies was also very good, and very affecting. It represented the five wise and five foolish virgins going forth to meet the bridegroom; five with their lamps trimmed and burning, and the five with no oil in their lamps. The manner in which this was rendered brought the illustration of the parable plainly before the eyes of the audience. Next followed a recitation, "A Reverie in Church," by Mattie Murfit; solo, "Life's Happy Hour," by Ella Heist; poem (original), by Carrie Loeb; quartette, "Gently Sighs the Breeze," by Ella Heist, Rosa B. Lear, Mary Cox and Addie Dechant; reading, "Curfew must not ring to-night," by Mary Cox, closed the exercises of the evening. The hall, although not crowded, was comfortably filled, and the entertainment was first class. The proceeds go for the purpose of purchasing a library to be attached to the school.

On Christmas eve the Sunday Schools of the Methodist and Episcopal churches gave to their children Christmas trees. The trees were placed in the fore part of the church, were beautifully lighted and laden with all those beautiful Christmas decorations and good things. The classes were called separately and each child received his (or her) share of the good things provided. After the things had been taken from the tree, the teachers and scholars adjourned to the room below where tables were spread with a very fine assortment of cakes and other edibles. The children partook heartily of these, and then went to their homes well pleased with the Christmas of 1875. On Christmas day services were held in the various churches, all business was suspended, and each and every one seemed willing to enjoy the holiday as would best be permitted by the threatening aspect of the weather. Nothing of any note occured during the day. To us it seemed that the day was Sunday, being so very quiet.

Newportville Notes.

On Thursday last, Chas. Gilbert, of this place, while working in the wheelwright shop of Samuel Goslin, run a chisel through his hand, which prevented his working for a few days.

A fair was held in the Chapel on Friday evening, under the supervision of Rev. Mr. Brinckloe. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, quite a number of our citizens attended, and purchased the articles offered for sale on the well-stocked tables. The children who attended the Sunday School in the Chapel were given seasonable presents.

The Social ball in Union Hall, on Friday night, was indeed quite a *recherche* affair. Under the management of Messrs. Harrison, Goslin, McCoy, States and Vandegrift, everything came off in good order, and all evidently enjoyed themselves.

The Social Union Club, on invitation of the Red Men of Bristol, paid a visit to that place on Monday night, and aided by Mr. Duane, of Philadelphia, gave an entertainment in Cabeen's Hall, for the benefit of the I. O. R. M.

The Union Literary Society adjourned at their last meeting "until further notice."

Christmas passed off here very quietly, the disagreeable weather preventing any out-door festivities or sports.

[Correspondence of Bucks County Gazette.]

YARDLEYVILLE LETTER.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Our lively little town having gained some celebrity consequent upon the running of the Bound Brook Railroad through the place, etc., etc., it may not prove uninteresting to those of your readers who may be directly or indirectly connected with matters here, to know something of our doings.

Yardleyville is conceded by all to be a most desirable location for business, as well as building purposes; as is proven by the fine and substantial residences continually going up, in and around the village, and when the railroad is completed, it will place us in direct communication with New York and Philadelphia, thereby affording facilities to capitalists for building their summer residences on our beautiful sites, which command such grand and exquisite views of mountain, river, lakes and cities, of which we feel confident they will not be slow in availing themselves.

Our citizens have fairly started off in the enjoyment of the winter's festivities, consisting chiefly in concerts, balls, parties, lyceum entertainments, etc., and although it may not seem compatible, we at the same time do not neglect our spiritual welfare, inasmuch as we are having a series of meetings held in the Methodist church, which have resulted in the conversion of over fifty souls. (The pastor, the Rev. J. Slack, is undoubtely an earnest worker in his Master's vineyard.) We think this proportionate with the success of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. A deep religious feeling seems to pervade the meetings, to the exclusion of the disturbing element usual at such meetings.

Saturday evening always brings with it the lyceum, and Christmas night was no exception, there being as usual a large and attentive audience. The good natured badinage and happy repartee indulged in by the members, together with the more dignified and substantial part of the exercises,—music, etc., combined to make the evening one long to be remembered as a happy termination to a merry Christmas. Dull weather and bad roads did not deter persons from the neighboring towns from attending, as Philadelphia, Trenton, Newtown and Taylorsville were well represented; and we did see a gentleman present, recently arrived from Europe. The meeting was promptly called to order by the president, Squire White; after roll call, the referred questions were read and answered by Miss Emma Twining and Miss Mary D. Bayley. Then in order came the declamation, which was given by Master Samuel B. Willard, a pupil of the grammar school,—entitled the "New Church Organ,"—very appropriately selected, as the indefatigable W. F. B. had succeeded—with the consent of the Lyceum—in procuring an organ at the expense, and for the use of said lyceum. "Agin the voice and vote" of some of the members who must now be devoured by remorse, after listening to the exquisite voices that accompanied the music. The singers were Misses Schuyler and Coates and Mercy Gilkyson; Miss Lida Yardley performing on the organ. Next we enjoyed a selection, read by Jacob Bursynaer, called "Prayers and Potatoes." Then we had the pleasure of listening to an original Christmas poem, read by the authoress—Miss Emma Twining. We would be ever so much obliged to Miss Twining if she would give us such a treat oftener. The debate was then in order; the question, Resolved, That equalization of property would be a benefit to mankind, was ably discussed in the affirmative, by Messrs. Tomlinson, Lambert, and others; in the negative, by Miss Beckie Twining, Messrs. Ramsey, Ostrander, Bayley, and others. A vote was taken at the close of the debate on the merits of the question, which was decided in the negative, also on the merits of the debate with like result. The "Journal" was then read by the editor, Mrs. Jennie Danser, which contained a number of sprightly articles, local hits, &c., but is not all that it should be, as the members are eminently capable of making it an ornament to the society. Our valued critic then read her remarks, which were listened to with rapt attention. After which Mr. Thomas C. Knowles stepped upon the platform, and with an elaborate and pithy speech, he presented to the society, as a Christmas present, a gavel of handsome workmanship, and elegant design. We wish it were in our power to give the speech *ver batim*. It was the spiciest thing we have heard for sometime. The instrument of torture, to evildoers, was received by the president with some embarrassment, being so unexpected.

The question selected for next week's discussion is, Resolved, That the advancement of civil liberty is indebted more to intellectual culture than to physical suffering." The meeting then adjourned.

The *Entre Nous* Club give their third ball of the season on New Year's Eve.

Mr. A. Cadwallader has just finished clearing the mud from his mill pond to facilitate the action of the water at the flour mill, there having been a deficit for some time.

As there are several weddings on the carpet, we hope to get a peep at the brides, in order to give your lady readers a description of the dresses.

McGrann & Fitzpatrick, our railroad contractors, having finished their work on this branch of the railroad, will sell all their stock of working implements in a week or two.

Warminster Notes.

On Tuesday evening, the 21st inst., Constable Siekel, of Southampton, proceeded to the house of Andrew Bushnell, at Ivyland, with a warrant for the arrest of one William Bushnell, for larceny, founded on oath of Amos Knight. The officer made the arrest, and started for Doylestown. After having gone nearly a mile he found he had made a mistake, and arrested Andrew instead of William Bushnell, who had made his escape.

George McDowell, of Johnsville, is now lying dangerously ill of typhoid fever.

On Saturday evening last, Elijah Smith, of Hatboro', was arrested by Constable Knight, of Warminster, on a warrant issued by B. Vancleve, Esq., founded on the oath of Stephen Yerkes, charging him (Smith) with the larceny of some turkeys on the evening of the 2ist of December. After a hearing before Justice Vancleve, defendant was committed to jail in default of bail. Mr. Smith at the hearing confessed his guilt, and said that one Nathaniel Sims, with whom he boarded, was an accomplice in the deed. A warrant was immediately issued for Sims, and, after a hearing, he too was committed to jail, to which place they were both conveyed by Constable Knight, arriving there about 4 o'clock on Sunday morning.

On Monday evening last a jubilee was held in the Davisville church, for the entertainment of the Sunday School children connected therewith.

Prospectville Notes.

There is some probability that our literary society will open its meetings at an early date. The society at Horshamville has already begun operations, especially in the debating department.

The school house here is handsomely decorated with evergreens and cedar brush—the donation of the children. On Friday afternoon some fourteen of the patrons of the school were present.

Prof. Wise lectured here on Wednesday evening last, upon "Through the Air," a balloon trip, the results of a life time of ballooning experiences. The lecture was well received.

Gerdeman is mentioned upon the lecture course this winter. Signor Blitz was engaged, but the condition of his health has rendered it imperative that his country engagements should be cancelled, and at the command of his physicians, has gone to Florida.

A colored man, named Patterson, living near Trenton, N. J., kicked his wife so brutally on Saturday that she died.

Hulmeville and Vicinity.

Owing to the disagreeable weather there was no meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on Friday evening, and the local reporter of the *Beacon* "is not happy," because he thereby loses a two-column article. The literary entertainment intended for last week will be given to-morrow (Friday) evening.

Christmas here was emphatically dull, save when around the family altar—"the festive board"—joyous tales and jests made all go as merry as a marriage bell. While without, the day was damp and disagreeable enough, we hope that within each home peace and plenty reigned, and that old Santy—liberal angel of our childhood's dreams—showered on all his choicest gifts. Services were held at Grace P. E. Church (in the morning), which was appropriately decked with greens, and over the chancel the passage, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus," in letters of gold on a blue background, added a charm to the decorations, and also served as a potent reminder of the birth which the day commemorates. An appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Brinckloe. In the evening a "goodly assemblage" admired the Christmas tree, and juvenile hearts were made glad by presents, juvenile appetites were appeased with choice confectionery and juvenile stomachs have doubtless had haunting reminders since of the day of feasting by sundry pains in that region.

On Monday evening last, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Douglass, of this place, celebrated the anniversary of their tenth year of conjugal felicity. A large number of relatives and friends assembled at the marriage feast, and Mr. D's. family were the recipients of many appropriate presents. As your reporter was not "bidden" we cannot give a fuller description.

The hostler at the hotel, was awakened from "sweet dreams of peace" at about one o'clock on Monday night, by some one trying to get in his bed-room window. Charlie (the hostler) says he recognized the prowler, and asked him what he wanted. The man said that he wished to borrow Charlie's gun, whereupon Charlie told him if he didn't vacate immediately he would receive the contents of one. It is needless to say that the man left.

On Saturday last, Mrs. David Doan, of Bensalem, in stooping bursted a blood vessel in the leg. Assistance was procured, and the bleeding stopped, but a hemorrhage took place in the evening, and from utter exhaustion, she died. The *Beacon* of this week, in speaking of the case, says that for some time past she had been suffering with something like varicose veins, and the strain on the vessel in a stooping position was more than it could bear.

A citizen, writing from our borough to the *Public Record*, sometime since, advances a logical way of helping the poor of Philadelphia by the Moody-Sankey meetings. Spiritual food is not to be neglected, but the very teachings of the crucified Saviour plainly admonish us to feed the hungry. Not to the hungry did *He* preach, for he supplied their bodily needs first, and then how much higher and nobler was the command given to Peter—"Feed My Lambs"—for Christ had shown that the soul may be reached through the body, and to save the former we must not neglect the latter. The plan advanced is to have boxes at the various entrances in which contributions can be dropped. One cent each from the people that crowd the old freight depot to hear the "Evangelists" would bring joy into the destitute homes of many of the poor of our great city. Are we not too prone in the present day to look more to superficial Christianity (?) than to the fundamental principles of Christianity itself, the foundation of which is "Love one another?" We do not need more churches, but more liberty and true charity in those we have. We sincerely hope that the plan advanced by our friend "A. P." in the *Record*, will receive the attention it deserves from those who have the matter in charge, and trust we shall soon hear of the boxes prepared to receive the mites that shall be mighty in advancing the divine cause of charity.

Obituary.

Departed this life, on the 19th of 12th month, 1875, at his residence in Bristol, Joshua V. Buckman, in the 73d year of his age.

When a good man passes from this world, especially if he had been one otherwise noted in his day and generation, the occasion calls for a more extended notice than the simple announcement of the event. The subject of this notice during the first half of his life, lived for the most part in Byberry, Philadelphia County. About the year 1835 he removed to Bristol, where he has since resided.

He was indeed an uncommon man, and in several respects seemed,

"Like ships at sea while in above the world."

His tall, erect form, and intelligent and benignant countenance "upright with front serene," were indicative of his nature and character—and his superior presence marked him a *man among men*. Possessing a sound and strong mind, improved by reading and study, these with his industry and activity rendered him conspicuous and useful in every department of his business and social life. Joined to these and still higher in the scale, were his excellent moral qualities. His native goodness of heart showed itself conspicuous in words and deeds of kindness, and good will to all around him—and will long be remembered by those who knew and associated with him. In the various stations he filled, as an instructor of youth, an officer of different corporations, member of societies, and in other employments and pursuits bringing him in contact with many people, his high and undeviating integrity impressed itself upon all. This central principle of moral character, was, in his case, the outgrowth of an inward spring, a spirit of rectitude which no trial or circumstance could overcome, or even shake. It was so striking as to be "known and read of all men," and in these times when falsehood and fraud have so "corrupted the ways of the earth," such a character becomes a tower of strength to the cause of virtue. By birth-right and education, as well as thorough conviction, a Friend, he was ever diligent and faithful in his religious duties—and was more than any other, the representative member of Bristol Meeting, and so regarded both at home and abroad. In his later years, he was subject to a complication of disorders, and his sufferings protracted and severe. But these with other afflictions he bore with christian fortitude and resignation.

—"Above the cloud of human ill
His spirit rose cheerful and triumphant,
Laying hold of the eternal promises of God
And steadfast in its faith."

In all the relations of life: husband, father, neighbor, friend and citizen, his constitutional and habitual truth and goodness were manifested. How much he was beloved and honored, was attested by the large concourse of people from far and near who followed his remains to their final resting place.

On the whole he was a righteous man and by his example "a preacher of righteousness;" and when death set its seal upon this example, "the community around came as with one accord to render it the tribute of their praise," to commend his life and character to the imitation of those he left behind him,—and said one to another: *Certainly this was a virtuous man. Truly this was a christian gentleman.*"

☞ Pursell's Fever and Ague Mixture is sold more than any remedy of its kind in this part of the county.

Special Notices.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, COUGHS AND COLDS.

The great virtue of this medicine is that it ripens the matter and throws it out of the system, purifies the blood, and thus effects a cure.

SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, ETC.

The Tonic produces a healthy action of the stomach, creating an appetite, forming chyle, and curing the most obstinate cases os Indigestion.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT, ETC.

These remedies are a certain cure for Consumption, as the Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, create a healthy bile, and removes all diseases of the liver, often a cause of Consumption. The Sea Weed Tonic gives tone and strength to the stomach, makes a good digestion, and enables the organs to form good blood; and thus creates a healthy circulation of healthy blood. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, if taken in time, and the use of the medicines persevered in.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday where all letters for advice must be addressed. Schenck's medicines for sale by all Druggists.

ROGERS' MAGNETIC OIL AND LIVER PILLS,

WILL Cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Diseases of the Kidneys, and Fever and Ague.
DR. S. ROGERS, Proprietor,
No. 206 Dock Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Sold by druggists and dealers in Patent Medicines. 59

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Monday, Dec. 27, 5 P. M.

BEEF CATTLE were dull this week, but prices were without material change. 1500 head arrived and sold at 6⅞ a 7⅛c. for extra Pennsylvania and Western Steers; 5⅞ a 6⅜c. for fair to good do., and 3½ a 5c. per lb. gross for common, as to quality.

SHEEP were dull and lower. 1200 head arrived and sold at 4½ a 5¼c. per lb. gross, as to condition.

HOGS were in steady demand. 400 head sold at $10 a $11 per hundred lbs. net, for corn fed.

Miscellaneous.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Tis the eve before Christmas, when all through the streets,
We meet busy buyers of toys and sweetmeats.
The children all eager with thoughts of the morn,
Start off in their dreams at the sound of the horn
Blown loudly by some noisy rollicking boys,
Who are also out for a raid on the toys.
The night may be stormy, perchance it is clear,
But whate'er the weather, the time brings good cheer.
The faces we meet are all smiling and gay,
Because they expect to see Christmas next day;
And who ever is out, be it master or miss,
If they watch carefully, will be sure to see Chris.
For this eve, 'bove all others from his cozy home draws
No less a great person than old Santa Claus,
Who has saved up his pence till they reach a great pile
And to see him spend money 't would make you smile.
His great honest face lights up with much pleasure,
As he fills his large sack with its bright load of treasure.
To see the nice presents would make the mouth water—
Of any bright lad or golden haired daughter.
And when children jump from their beds in the morning
And see the fat stockings the mantel adorning;
The table well filled with presents so good,
They will know that old Santa has been to see Wood.

Who keeps everything in the way of useful and ornamental Christmas gifts, Toys, Dolls, China Figures, Motto Handkerchiefs as low as 12 and 15 cts.; Brackets, Toy Books, Pocket Book with lock, 12c.; Pocket Knives 18, 20 and 25 cts; fine imported variety of Gents and Ladies Underwear at hard time prices. Striped Stockings, good—10 cts All goods warranted at or below city price. Come and be convinced.

J. H. WOOD, 58 Mill Street,
Corner Mill and Wood Sts., BRISTOL, PA.
933

1776. THE 1876.

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION OF AMERICAN PRESIDENTS,

IS the best and only photograph picture of the kind that has ever been offered to the American people, and meets with unprecedented success, and will ornament the walls of every admirer of our great republic.

The likenesses were Photographed and finely done in India Ink from the best known portraits of the several Presidents, and required a great deal of pains, patience and money to obtain this collection which is considered by connoisseurs to be in point of correctness, brilliancy, and artistic merit, decidedly worthy of a liberal patronage.

M. BEECHING, General Agent,
111 North Third Street, (Third Floor,)
PHILADELPHIA.

AGENTS WANTED. 224

For Sale or to Let.

TWO DRESSED STONE HOUSES ON JEFFERSON AVE. Price, $6,500. Rent, $600. Houses of all descriptions for sale.

216 JOSHUA PEIRCE.

For Rent.

A FOUR ROOMED HOUSE FOR $5 A MONTH. Apply to
CHARLES S. BAILEY,
197 Radcliffe Street.

Money to Loan ON FIRST MORTGAGE.

ENQUIRE of McFARLAND BROS.,
210 No. 18 Decatur Street, Philadelphia.

$50,000 TO LOAN on FIRST MORTGAGES,

OF NOT LESS THAN $1,000.

Apply to E. G. HARRISON,
Commercial Insurance Company,
204 Office, 44 Mill Street, Bristol.

CHINESE PRIMROSES.

GERANIUMS, &c., &c., in pots; Small Bouquets of Cut Flowers; Dried Grasses and Everlasting Flowers; Hanging Baskets, for sale by TACIE TOWNSEND,
100 Dorrance Street.

New Market House BY DAVID G. MICHENER,

No. 103 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.,
(East side of Canal Bridge.)

Excellent Beef, Sausage, &c., constantly on hand, cheaper than the cheapest.
895

Auditor's Notice.

THE undersigned, Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bucks County to examine, and if necessary restate the accounts of William Hawk, Administrator of the estate of Thomas McDonald, late of the Borough of Bristol, in said county, deceased, and to make distribution of the balance remaining in the hands of the said administrator amongst the persons entitled thereto, hereby gives notice to all parties interested, that he will meet them at the office of Vanartsdalen & Lawrence, in the Borough of Bristol, in said county, on THURSDAY, the THIRTEENTH DAY OF JANUARY, 1876, at 10 o'clock A. M., to attend to the duties of his appointment. GEO. A. JENKS,
221 Auditor.

Public Sale OF A VALUABLE HOUSE AND LOT,

SITUATED ON WOOD STREET, near Market, Bristol Borough, adjoining lands of William K. Evans, and Henry Sheetz, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1876, at 2 o'clock P. M., (sharp), on the premises, a good three-story Frame Dwelling House, with back buildings.—main building 18x28; back building, 12x23; hall, parlor, sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen on first floor; entry and two rooms on second floor, and entry and two rooms on third floor. The lot is 47 feet front by 90 feet deep to a 12 foot alley. There is a good stable on the rear of the lot, and a good well of water under cover. This property is handsomely located in the centre of the borough, is in first-rate order, having been completely painted and repaired within a short time. It is well located for a residence or a place of business, and it will positively be sold to the highest bidder.

BENJAMIN BRIGGS,
Attorney for Heirs of SUSAN B. HEADLEY, Dec'd.

Also, at the same time and place, a valuable LOT OF LAND, situated at the corner of Otter and Locust Streets, running back to Pearl Street. This lot is located on one of the main streets of the borough, in a good neighborhood, and it will positively be sold.

BENJAMIN BRIGGS, Administrator,
De bonis non, cum testamento annexo.
WM. KINSEY, Auctioneer. 209

AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.

S. E. Corner Fourth and Walnut.

GEORGE W. HILL, President.
GEORGE NUGENT, Vice-President.
ALEXANDER WHILLDIN, Chairman Finance Committee.
JOHN C. SIMS, Actuary.
JOHN S. WILSON, Secretary and Treasurer.
J. G. HAMMER, Assistant Secretary.
211

Stoves! Stoves!

AT COST! AT COST!

For the next Thirty Days.

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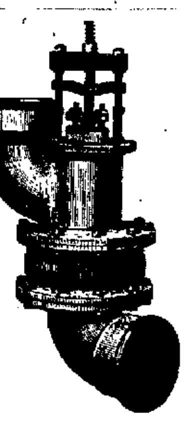

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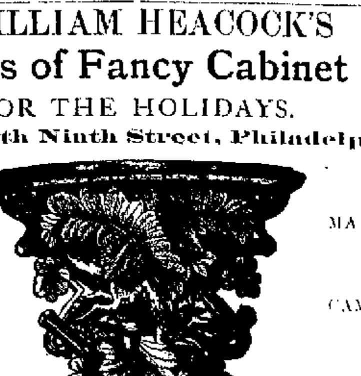

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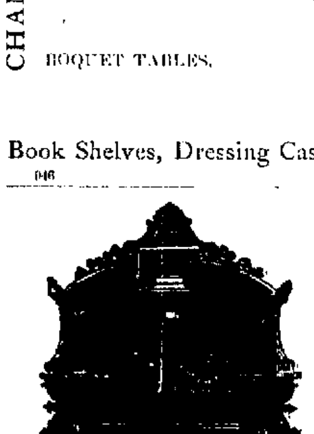

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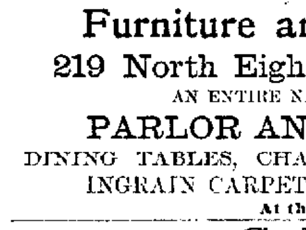

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THE DYING DOLL.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

You needn't be trying to comfort me—I tell you my dolly is dead!
There's no use in saying she isn't, with a crack like that in her head.
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to have my tooth out that day;
And then when the man most pulled my head off, you hadn't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when you say you can mend it with glue!
As if I didn't know better than that! Why, just suppose it was you?
You might make her look all mended—but what do I care for looks?
Why, glue's for chairs and tables, and toys, and the backs of books!

My dolly! my own little daughter! Oh, but it's the awfullest crack!
It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor head went whack
Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf.
Now, Nursey, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it myself!

I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another head!
What good would forty heads do her? I tell you my dolly is dead!
And to think I hadn't quite finished her elegant new spring hat!
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was playing out in the yard—
She said to me, most expressly, "Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde."
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde saw me do it;
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind, I don't believe she knew it!"

But I know that she knew it now, and I just believe I do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke too.
Oh, my baby! my little baby, I wish my head had been hit!
For I've hit it over and over, and it hasn't cracked a bit.

But since the darling is dead, she'll want to be buried, of course;
We will take my little wagon, Nurse, and you shall be the horse;
And I'll walk behind and cry; and we'll put her in this, you see—
This dear little box—and we'll bury her then under the maple tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one he made for my bird;
And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every single work!
I shall say: "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll, who is dead;
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head."

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

LABOR FOR THE SEASON.

BY WILLIAM H. YEOMANS.

With many who are unacquainted with all the routine of the farmer's life a general supposition prevails, that at the close of the harvest, the labors of the husbandman are actually closed until the opening of spring; that he is then, in fact, a gentleman of great leisure and has simply to devote himself to study and reflection.

This is not entirely the case while it may be to a reasonable degree. There is very much to be accomplished even in the winter season. For one thing, the wood pile is to be replenished, and should always be to an extent to insure an amply supply throughout the succeeding year. The necessity of all this will be more keenly felt, by having a supply of nice kindlings and dry wood with which to kindle a fire in the cold weather, and then passing from this to green wood with no kindlings at all. In those sections where wood is scarce and coal is employed this necessity does not occur, but where wood is plenty and cheap it is and of necessity must be employed in preference to coal. And notwithstanding the abundance of time in which to procure it, there are many farmers who fail to embrace opportunities and live in this regard from "hand to mouth;" *i. e.* get a load of wood and burn it as it is cut, keeping the oven to the stove filled with green sizzling wood to effect a partial seasoning of the same. This course alone is a prolific source of exertion and trouble and can all be avoided by a little labor at the proper season. In the fall or early winter, when the frozen ground precludes the idea of further labors in the fields, the wood should be prepared in the woods for hauling.

It can be cut to any length desired and placed in piles, and upon the first fall of snow can be loaded upon a sled and easily transported to the woodshed where it is to be prepared for the stove.

It is much easier and quicker to load upon a sled than upon a wagon or cart, and is more convenient especially if the ground is at all rough as is frequently the case with wood land.

The main point is to continue labor until at least a year's supply is provided; no matter if more than that is accumulated; if it is properly housed it will not decay or be lost. For convenience it is well to have a woodshed that will accommodate a two year's supply of prepared fuel so that as one portion is partially filled with dry wood that is being used the other portion can be filled with the green without any obstruction to getting the dry, and so alternating from year to year. Another point worthy of consideration is the assorting of the wood, placing the coarser and hard varieties by themselves for use in severely cold weather, while the smaller and soft kinds are reserved for summer use. Nor should the chip box be forgotten; a well regulated wood shed will have its apartments for the wood as indicated above, one for chips and fine material, and still another for shavings for quick kindling. And if this is all done at the proper season, will occupy scarcely more than half the time that it will if done at odd spells during the whole year.

A NEW CEREAL.—A new cereal has been grown in the State of Oregon, and thus far no one has been able to classify it, for while it bears a general resemblance to wheat, yet its stalk, mode of growth, and heavy filaments cause it to be taken for rye or barley by the most experienced farmers. In presenting it to a dozen agriculturists, no two in succession will agree as to what sort of a grain it is. One of the Directors of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, who grew some of it on his model farm, sent a specimen for analysis to an agricultural expert, who says:—"Though I worked hard upon it I could not decide which of the families it belonged to, nor did I find any botanist in the Northwest who could. It has a most striking appearance in the field, owing to its dense character, its long heavily-bearded filaments, and drooping head. Its mode of growth is also different from any grain with which I am acquainted, for from seven to ten stalks spring from one root, and attain a height, when ripe, of four and a half or five feet. They are very thin, compact, of a bright straw color, and extremely hard, as if they contained a large quantity of silex. The radicles are tough, wide-spread, tenacious in their grasp of the ground, and apparently able to thrive in a poor soil, and especially in that of igneous origin.

"The heads are about six inches in length, and covered with a heavy beard, each filament having an average length of six inches. The grain itself is the most peculiar of all, and will puzzle the most experienced farmer to classify, as it is double the length of an ordinary kernel of wheat, is less rounded, and, instead of being compact and firm, it is hollow, the cavity being filled with a whitish glutinous matter of a starchy taste. In glancing at its outer surface one would take it to be wheat; but the interior is so dissimilar to all kindred grains that one is at a loss to decide its character or the family to which it belongs. I showed it to 100 farmers, and when they saw the kernel they said it was wheat; but when I presented the stalks for inspection, they said that they were either barley, oats, or rye. I pointed out to them the difference between it and the cereal they asserted it to be; they recognized the distinction immediately but all my questioning failed to elicit from them any theory on which I could found its origin from native grains."

The first spelling bee in England was held recently at Islington, "under the American rules." Webster's Dictionary being the standard. Thirty-two gentlemen and eighteen ladies essayed their skill before a crowded audience. In the end the sexes divided the prizes equally, though the first prize fell to a gentleman. The words that proved too much for the powers of all except the prize-takers, were not very difficult. "Rhododendron," "apocryphal," "hebdomadally," and "camelopard," put a large number hopelessly out of the contest, and at last "sesquipedalian" was only spelled correctly by Mr. Jameson, the winner. Prizes to the amount of eight pounds rewarded the six successful spellers out of the fifty who entered.

A Boston restaurateur serves up corn-cobs fried in lard and sugar to his customers, and they like 'em. By and by American genius will roast, slice and serve to hungry men, old hitching-posts and work benches, and we'll be as happy as the day is long.

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1 WEED MACHINE, in good order $20 00
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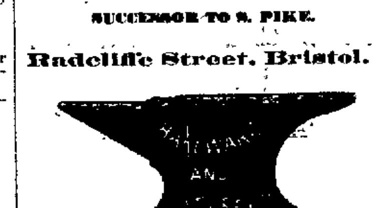

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Give us a call. 1043

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THE BEST STRAWBERRY.

Millions of Trees and Plants at Pomona Nursery, Send for catalogue WILLIAM PARRY,
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The finest and latest Styles of work for Ladies and Gents. FIRST CLASS BOOTS made a specialty. SOLE LEATHER and UPPERS of all descriptions constantly on hand and to be had at city prices.

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I make my Sausage Cutter a specialty, believing it to cut more meat in the same time than any other Chopper for the same amount of money invested.

REPAIRING of all kinds promptly attended to.

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Such as Bleached and Unbleached Muslin.
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In variety, at the lowest market prices.

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AND

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A full line of fine Groceries and Vegetables in season.

☞ COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange.
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A Child can Buy as Cheap as a Man.

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SUGARS, TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, &c All kinds of Fruits and Vegetables in Summer, at the lowest cash prices. 1088

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Fresh ground from the best of Wheat and promptly delivered to customers.

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Seasoned White Pine Boards and Plank of all grades; Hemlock Boards, Joist and Scantling, Lath Pickets, Oak Posts, &c.

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LIME,
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BRICK,

Curb & Building Stone,

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Garden Vases in variety.

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LUMBER of all descriptions,
COAL, well picked, screened, and under cover
WOOD, cut ready for use;
BRICK, BAR SAND,
Calcined PLASTER, CEMENT,
Lime, Hair, Chimney-Tops, Cord Wood, &c.

Dealers will find it to their advantage to call and examine my Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

FERTILIZERS of all kinds constantly on hand. 636

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WORK WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

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TINWARE

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ROOFING and JOBBING done on the best of terms. 30

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